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A VISION OF CHRISTMAS MORNING.

After the Painting by M. Levis.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A musket said to have belonged to Robinson Crusoe has been offered for sale in Edinburgh. It would have been more interesting to have had a chance of buying his diary or his umbrella. Why, indeed, should there not be a Robinson Crusoe Exhibition, comprising all the furniture of his cave, and showing the gradual improvements in its manufacture? As to his being an imaginary personage, he is, at all events, much more real to most of us than many persons—such as Tom Paine, for instance—who have centenaries or bi-centenaries kept in their honour. Indeed, he is better known to us than some of the eminent personages who are being “interviewed” in the magazines, and have their portraits taken from infancy to old age, every month. It is ridiculous to deny the existence of an individual who lives in the recollection, not only of the oldest inhabitant, but of quite young people. Why should not the creations of our writers, to whom they owe their greatness, be treated with the same respect as the writers themselves? Robinson Crusoe, for example, if placed in Madame Tussaud’s exhibition, would “draw” much more largely than the effigy of Defoe. As for relics, there would not be the least difficulty in securing any amount of them, and of all sizes, from the figure-head which Quilp used to batter with a red-hot poker under the impression that it was Kit, to the half-burnt evidence of the buried treasure which the omniscient Abbé interpreted to Edmond Dantés in the Château d’If. A Dickens exhibition alone, beginning with Mr. Pickwick’s spectacles and gaiters, and ending with the lock-keeper’s attire in which the schoolmaster went out to murder, would fill the Crystal Palace.

Irreverent as is the historian, and careless what cherished belief he overthrows on his relentless way, he is perhaps less callous than the philologist. This personage really seems to take a delight in putting the extinguisher on romance, and spares neither sex nor age. Even the tales that have entranced the ears of childhood for generation after generation are not sacred to him. He has recently discovered that Whittington’s cat never existed, and would doubtless be happy to do the same thing for the dog of Montargis to-morrow. His story, if so bald an explanation can be called such, is that Whittington had dealings with the Government (*temp. Henry V.*) regarding the sale of merchant-ships for the Navy, and that the tale of his cat is due to a mistake about the Norman French word *acate* (from *acheter*), a purchase. He made his fortune by *acate* (a cat). It sounds quite as natural and is quite as unsatisfactory as any other iconoclasm of the kind. But if Whittington and his cat go what can we reckon on to be preserved from these verbal vivisectionists? An artful trick was played a little time ago upon a periodical which lends itself to these heresies: it was persuaded that Mother Hubbard’s dog had no real existence, and gave the most learned reasons for it, which turned out to have no foundation. I confess I was not so sorry as I generally am to hear of the success of a practical joke.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the philologist finds a better reason for the existence of a popular belief than its ordinary ground, or assigns it to a higher origin than it claims. In Dallas’s admirable work upon cooking, there is a most curious illustration of this under the head of “Julien Soup.” Most people suppose it was named after the popular conductor of orchestras, whereas it had a much more exalted origin. It was originally an Italian soup, made chiefly from the leaves of the trefoil, which was the emblem of a Trinity. It was therefore called “Halleluia Soup.” This became in France abbreviated to “Julia” or “Julien.” If all derivations could be shown to be as interesting, philologists would be more popular; but their object seems generally to degrade rather than to dignify, to rob rather than to enrich.

Side by side with the Eastern difficulty, and exciting at least a genuine, if a more restricted, interest in the minds of newspaper readers, is the question, “Are pretty girls popular?”—that is, of course, with their own sex, the position they hold with regard to the male portion of humanity being beyond dispute. Before the matter can be argued there is this initial difficulty—that it is not easily conceded by the parties concerned that there are any pretty girls. If a man expresses his admiration for one in female company, they are apt to exhibit considerable surprise. “Now, do you really think so? She is attractive-looking when she is pleased, no doubt; but I should never have called her pretty.” A wise man will not pursue the subject, but a young and imprudent one will, perhaps, in all innocence inquire, “But what would you call her, then?” Then the ladies exchange glances, which to him who can translate them are full of meaning. They could call her a good many things if they were free to do so; but they don’t. They only say that “they think they know what you mean when you call her pretty: they have heard other men—not many, but one or two—say the same,” or in other words, as their tone implies, fall into the same error. “It is a look she puts on with men.” They speak as if she wore a domino, or rather that more complete and engaging mask which Tragedy holds in her hand in the allegory. Sometimes they will grant half the man’s opinion, as it were, by admitting

that the girl’s profile is pretty; or they will allow that her nose would be perfect—if it had not that hook at the end of it—and her complexion faultless—when she has her back to the light.

These remarks generally put her admirer to silence, for a man does not fall in love with a profile, or the classical character of a young lady’s nose, but is influenced by the general effect of her appearance. In the end he is given to understand that he has made rather a fool of himself in expressing his views, though they are careful to add they do his nature far from discredit. “You are so very good-natured, and so susceptible, you know.” Upon the whole, till he sees the young woman again (when all these faint praises and words of defraction are swept away at a glance) he is inclined to believe that he has made a mistake in his estimate of her attractions. As a matter of fact, she is a very pretty girl, and no one is better aware of it than her fair critics. Nor, as a general rule, is she unpopular with them; only, when they hear those silly men falling into raptures about her they naturally resent it. The girl that other girls admire, and wonder that all the men are not at her feet, is, it must be confessed, not so very pretty, yet quite sufficiently so to exonerate them from the charge of always being jealous of girls who are better looking than themselves. One cannot say, indeed, that it is their own fault if pretty girls are not popular with their own sex; but they often give way to the temptation of boasting of their popularity with the other, and of giving themselves airs which to their less favoured sisters are far from having the appearance of graces.

As to airs, men are as resentful of them in persons of their own sex as need be, but they are very tolerant of them in a pretty woman. I have known one of the greatest statesmen of modern times hang with rapture upon the affected and egotistic utterances of a posing girl, and him succeeded by a great poet in no way behindhand in that misplaced devotion. Ten years hence they would neither of them have listened to or even looked at her. The spectacle, as I well remember, did not recommend the object of their attentions to the other young ladies present. It must have been hard for them to witness such a triumph over genius attained by garrulous frivolity, thanks to the witchery of a pretty face. It is true that women, with all the cleverness and intuition with which they are credited, do not always recognise either a bore or a bounder for what he is; but he is never so pronounced in his defects—because he dare not be—as is a woman of the same class. More men have probably been nearly bored to death, after the first twenty minutes, by a pretty woman than by any person of their own sex, although, to be sure, it may be said that in the latter case no man would submit to be under fire so long.

Folks who write to the newspapers for nothing are not generally credited with sagacity. What is not worth paying for, it is said, is not worth much. Nevertheless, there are exceptions. A correspondent has written to expose the fallacy of those who would make out that the delay of a train for ten minutes, or even the operation of shaving, is a grievous waste of time. He says as regards the latter extravagance that the same argument may be used against washing one’s face. It is, in fact, only a very few people to whom the loss of a few minutes is of any great consequence. To most of us a little break in the ordinary course of our lives—which are in most cases exceedingly monotonous—has rather a good effect than otherwise. What we lose in one way is more than compensated for by what we gain in another. Men of business are always solicitous to impress upon everybody that their time is of the utmost consequence; it is valuable to some of them, of course—though many would be the richer if they were idler—but it has not this fancy value. The men who never go out to lunch, and never look out of window, who keep their noses to the grindstone from the moment they reach their office till the moment they leave it, are not the most successful in their callings. It is not the time you spend but what you do in it which—unless in the mechanical trades—affects the result. If you see a horse fall in the street and wait till he is set on his legs, you do not necessarily lose those few minutes: the little excitement may act as a tonic, and sharpen the wits that are being dulled by a too constant “attention to business.” If “surplusage is no error,” neither is an unusual relaxation. There are cases, of course, where “time is money” (though a debtor once applied that proverb to his creditor, very happily). “If that is so,” he said, “if you will give me time, it will be the same thing as if I gave you money.”), but such cases are rare. Everyone, however hard he may be working, has time to be friendly, to be polite, to interchange with his fellows the kind offices of humanity; it is only the churl in spirit who tries to persuade us it is wanting to him. What is very curious, it is those whose time is utterly valueless that set most store upon it—the people who arrive at the last moment at the railway station, and who keep you waiting for dinner.

The elephant-fight on board the *Persia* must have been a splendid spectacle to behold—from the land. They fought (like irate passengers) with their trunks as well as their tusks, and “crowbars and other sedatives” had to be

employed to separate them. The decks were slippery with blood, and their onsets, as in the tournaments of old, were preceded by a flourish of trumpets. The conflict, I see, is described as being without a parallel in the annals of the sea. It was, however, as usual, a plagiarism from the poets, who, with the novelists, are always suggesting situations to Nature. In his “Vision of the Sea,” Shelley has described a duel on board ship; not, indeed, between elephants, but between a tiger and a snake—

The foam and the smoke of the battle
Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar and the rattle
Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress
Of the snake’s adamantine voluminousness;
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains
Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the veins.

The *Persia* was not the first ship, in imagination at least, which has had a menagerie break loose. In the previous case there was an interested spectator, so to speak, below stairs—

A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,
The fin-winged tomb of the victor.

This is a notable addition to the event as reported, and yet there is a foolish saying that fact is stranger than fiction!

It has been regretted by some persons of judgment that this and that popular writer does not, as they express it, “get out of his groove,” or, in other words, abandon the fields in which he has made his reputation for “pastures new.” Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for example, has been often adjured to leave India and Tommy Atkins, and write about matters nearer home. Similarly, Mr. Stanley Weyman has been besought to exchange the soil of ancient France for English ground, since our own history has romance enough for any novelist, and is more attractive to native readers. I confess I share this feeling myself, but have knowledge enough of the matter in question to be content to let a writer take his own way without remonstrance; for it is certain that whether it suits us well or ill, it suits him better than any other way. Mr. Weyman has so imbued himself with the historic time of France that it almost seems he would have to cast his skin, like the serpent, to fit himself for English history. That he would acquit himself creditably in other scenes one has little doubt, but why not leave well alone? His latest novel, “The Red Cockade,” deals with provincial life in France at the commencement of the outbreak of the Revolution. The hero is a young nobleman not untouched by the misery of the poor, and even in sympathy with their wrongs, yet unable altogether to escape from the prejudices of his class; the result is that he succeeds in making friends with neither party. This circumstance, though true to nature, has the effect of “watering” the reader’s interest in him. As the leader of the nobles who struck their blow for life and privilege, or as a leader of the people actuated by the courage of despair, he would have won our sympathies; but as a sensitive and conscientious man hesitating to commit himself, he can only command our respect. The attacks on the château by the mob, and their passionate demand for their tyrant and oppressor, Gargouf, the steward, in order to work their will on him, is a powerful though lurid picture. With his death they would not have been satisfied, and to give him up to torture (though he deserved it) his young mistress will not consent. “He was my father’s steward, and he is my brother’s; if he has sinned it was for them.” The mob fire the house; Gargouf seeks to escape by a rope swung from the roof. He is perceived, however, by the people below—

I looked down and met the wolfish glare of their upturned eyes; what, then, must have been the thoughts of the wretched man taken in his selfishness, hanging there helpless between earth and heaven? God knows.

He began to climb upwards, to return; and actually ascended hand over hand a dozen feet. But he had been supporting himself for some minutes, and at that point his strength failed him. Human muscles could do no more. He tried to haul himself up to the next knot, but sank back with a groan. Then he looked at me. “Pull me up!” he gasped in a voice just audible. “For God’s sake! For God’s sake, pull me up!”

But the wretches below had the end of the rope, and it was impossible to raise him, even had I possessed the strength to do it. I told him so, and bade him climb, climb for his life. In a moment it would be too late.

He understood. He raised himself with a jerk to the next knot, and hung there. Another desperate effort, and he gained the next, though I could almost hear his muscles crack, and his breath came in gasps. Three more knots—they were about a foot apart—and he would reach the coping.

But as he turned his face to me I read despair in his eyes. His strength was gone; and while he hung there the men began with shouts of laughter to shake the rope this way and that. He lost his grip, and, with a groan, slid down three or four feet, and again got hold and hung there—silent.

There are other scenes equally exciting: the assembly of the provincial nobles and their futile decision; a duel admirably described; and the revolt of Nîmes. Denise is a charming heroine, and Madame St. Alais a woman of character, who, if she had lived, would have made the hero a very unpleasant mother-in-law. The Marquis is a fine specimen of the brave heartless nobility of the time, as Buton, the smith, is of the risen democrat. “The Red Cockade” is a novel for which the reader may well be grateful, and not without the sense of favours to come; for there is more than one hint in it (if I am not mistaken) that the author of “The House of the Wolf,” which dealt so admirably with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, is going to try his no longer prentice hand upon a tale of the Reign of Terror.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CENTENARY OF LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

BY T. W. ROLLESTON.

So recent is the death of the great historian that it is strange to think that we are already celebrating the centenary of his birth. He lived for over ninety years, and to the last hour his publications held the attention of his countrymen, and, indeed, of the whole world of culture. He was born on Dec. 21, 1795, in the little Thuringian town of Wiehe, situated in the pleasant valley of the Unstrut, where his father was a lawyer of good standing. It was an industrious little Saxon town, lying among woods and mountains, with its old trading families, old legends of the Empire, time-honoured customs, and the old castle of the von Werthern family dominating all. There was a circle of cultivated people there who kept up a certain literary and scholarly atmosphere, rarer now, perhaps, than it was then, in outlying places such as this.

After attending the preparatory school of Donndorf, close to Wiehe, Ranke went to Pforta, the famous Saxon school which has produced so many men of literary eminence. Here he received a sound classical training. The curriculum was not very extensive in those days, but it ploughed deep. There were boys at Pforta who could repeat the whole of the "Aeneid" by heart. Ranke tells us that he read the whole of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" three times over. From the first his great gifts were clear—what was difficult to others was light as air to him, and he was able to leave for Leipzig University a year before the usual term of preparation.

At Leipzig he became for the first time seriously attracted to history. Plato and the poets had been his study at Pforta; they were now supplanted by Thucydides, Polybius, and, among moderns, by Niebuhr. After his vocation had become clear to him, he fell in with the romances of Walter Scott, and read them with admiration, indeed, but principally with a sort of awe at the easy-going levity with which Scott turned history topsy-turvy whenever it suited his purpose as a story-teller. Ranke shut his "Quentin Durward" with the solemn vow that when he came to write history, whatever else it might or might not be, it should at any rate be *true*.

On leaving Leipzig, where he had regularly prepared himself for the profession of a teacher, he received an appointment at a high school in Frankfort-on-Oder. Here his first historical work saw the light, a "History of the Latin and German Peoples from 1494 to 1535," which was accompanied by a critical supplement describing the sources of his information and explaining how he had used them. His prolonged and patient study of manuscript authorities was something quite new in its application to modern history. The passion for getting at the real facts, coming face to face with the original authorities, was extraordinarily keen in Ranke; and he quoted with warm appreciation Johann Müller's remark that there must surely be archives in Heaven—wherewith, if one could only get at them, what a world-history might be written!

Meantime there were archives on earth, especially in Berlin; and when, in 1825, he received the call to his professorship there, he felt "as if the door of his true life had really opened at last." His "History of the Princes and Peoples of South Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" was the first outcome of his new opportunities—a work full of insight, of dramatic energy, and of profound knowledge. It has also in a marked degree that curious and at first somewhat startling impartiality of Ranke's, which introduced the methods and the manner of science into a study hitherto largely subservient to the objects of the moralist or the patriot. It must not be supposed, however, that Ranke's reluctance to take the common points of view was the outcome of any moral coldness or indifference. On the contrary, it arose from the universality of his sympathies, and this, again, had a distinct philosophic basis, apprehended by him from the very beginning of his literary life, and held unwaveringly to the close. He openly declared his complete disbelief in human "progress," so far as it implied an advance to any particular goal. To live was in itself the goal, and every phenomenon of life was without exception a sort of divine revelation. "Is there," he asked, "anything really 'earthly' on this earth? Is there anything that is not divine?" To disentangle and exhibit the divine meaning embodied in each epoch, and to reveal the play of ideal forces, was his avowed conception of his true functions as a writer of history.

In 1828 Ranke went to Italy, meeting on his way at Vienna the eminent Servian scholar Wuk Stephanowitsch Karadoschitsch, whose communications formed the starting-

point of the well-known "History of the Servian Revolution," known to English readers by the masterly translation of Mrs. Kerr. The archives of Rome and Venice gave the impulse to the famous "History of the Popes," Ranke's crowning achievement both in style and substance. This naturally led to a "History of the Reformation," which is treated from the national point of view, as the greatest event of German history.

With all his literary productivity, it must not be forgotten that a large part of his work, less conspicuous, but hardly less important, lay in the fulfilment of the duties of his professorship. His lectures soon attracted crowds of students, among whom we find names such as those of Sybel, Giesebricht, and other future leaders of historical study in Germany. Giesebricht, his lifelong friend and admirer, has given a graphic personal description of him as he appeared in the prime of manhood. He was very small in stature, and there appeared at first sight something disproportionate in the great head, with its strongly marked features and masses of dark hair. His large blue eyes, with their penetrating light, were a remarkable feature in his face. His rapid speech, his frequent gestures, his hurried movements, all gave an impression of overflowing energy and animation, and were apt to daunt and bewilder a newcomer. But no teacher ever won more of the personal friendship and devotion of his pupils. His

volume, to the period of the Middle Ages. Ranke was as keenly interested in the advance of this work as he had been in any of the projects of his youth or manhood. Early one morning in May 1886, he was struck down, literally, by his last, brief illness as he was on his way to his desk, eager to use every waking hour for the completion of his immense task. "I fell," he said, "as a bridegroom might fall from his horse who was spurring to meet his bride." It was the immortal bride—the dream of the scholar, the thinker, the poet, whom some call Truth and others Beauty; whom none can ever wholly win, but whom to serve and follow faithfully is the purest happiness man can know: *labor ipse voluptas*.

DOG-SHOW AT THE AQUARIUM.

"The Dogs of all Nations" was the comprehensive title of that three-days' exhibition of a multitude of varieties of the canine race, which was opened on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at the Westminster Royal Aquarium. Natural philosophers may perhaps explain why and how it is that the dog, incomparably beyond all other animals in creation, displays such enormous differences of size, form, colour, faculty of scent, and innate disposition, in one and the same species; a phenomenon scarcely to be accounted for by climate, or by the effects of domestication, or by those of either "natural selection" or artificial breeding in a hundred thousand generations. Some provisional scepticism would seem to be justifiable with regard to any theory which might ascribe the original ancestry of all kinds of dogs that we know to such a beast as "the wild dog" of certain desert regions, which has very little character, is rather inferior to the wolf, and may be only the descendant of a cur that ran away from his betters a few centuries ago. Leaving the cynological problem to simmer in the speculative mind with this simple hint, we refer to our sketches of exotic varieties of doggery shown at the Aquarium, wondering not how they got there, but how the types which they represent ever came into existence.

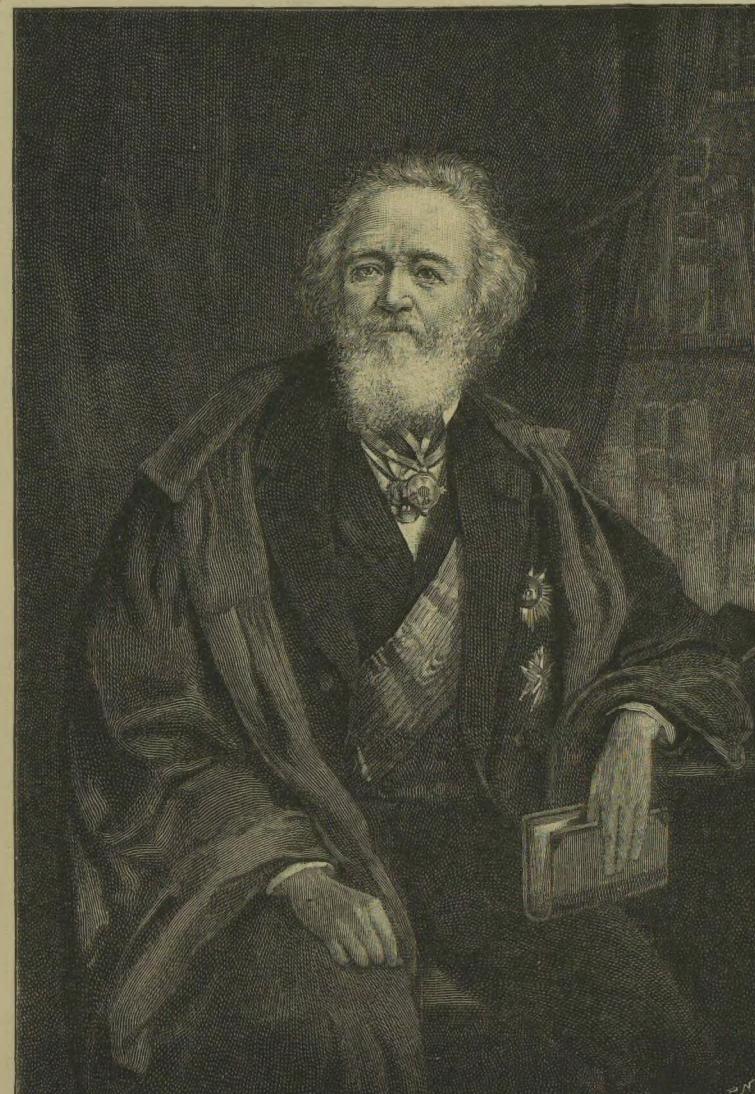
SCENES ON THE GOLD COAST.

While the "special service battalion" of picked British infantry soldiers contributed by many regiments is still on its voyage, and has passed the Canary Isles, we learn that Major F. J. Clayton, of the Army Service Corps, at Cape Coast Castle, with some three or four thousand native carriers, has been sending up to Prahsu many days' supplies of provisions and other stores, and that Major Sinclair, R.E., is constructing a bridge over the river Prah, which will be completed by the end of December. Major Baden-Powell has led a party of four hundred scouts of the Houssa Armed Constabulary into the interior of the country, where the attitude of the neighbouring tribes has been found satisfactory; and it appears certain that the expedition under Sir Francis Scott in January will advance without any impediment or resistance into the Ashanti territory, whether or not King Prempeh intends fighting on the road to Coomassie. Our sketches presented this week include, besides a view of the market-place at Coomassie, as it appeared when deserted by the inhabitants after the partial destruction of the town in the last Ashanti War, another muster and inspection of the Houssa

troops under British officers, two views of public buildings at Accra, a port eighty miles to the east of Cape Coast Castle, and the officers' mess-house; with some groups of natives in that part of the Gold Coast, who are not immediately concerned in the present war.

THE NEW TURKISH AMBASSADOR.

Costaki Pasha, who has been appointed by the Ottoman Porte to succeed the late Rustem Pasha as its Ambassador in London, is a Greek, as his predecessor was an Italian, and Musurus Pasha, who long held this appointment before, was another example of that practice in the Turkish diplomatic service of sending its ablest non-Mussulman agents to the Courts of Western Europe. We are not aware that Costaki has already distinguished himself in a similar capacity at any other Embassy; but he is stated to have filled with credit several administrative offices within the Turkish Empire; and such experience of the difficulties and defects of its internal rule, if he had been a provincial governor of equal merit with Rustem Pasha in the Lebanon, might unquestionably recommend him to the esteem of our Foreign Office, bearing in mind Lord Salisbury's eulogy of Rustem when he lay on his death-bed. Let us hope that Costaki's zeal and fidelity to the Sultan's interests will not be fatally baffled, as there seems reason to fear, by the Sultan's personal infatuation, and that it may be possible to avert the doom of the Turkish Empire.



LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

CHRISTMAS.

Even the youngest pessimist must own with a sigh that of all our ancient institutions, Christmas is the least vulnerable. It is a common cry among the over-educated that the special season of goodwill is a season of tedium, that mistletoe, which, to be sure, is contemporary with Stonehenge in its associations, is quite played out, that the

traditional observances. The weather, it may be, does not always play its allotted part in the festivities. Christmas in these islands has a habit of being muggy instead of snowing with the poetic fitness of a Christmas-card or an old-fashioned pantomime. The walk to church on Christmas morning may not be the exhilarating exercise represented in pictures; but 'tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus, and the man, woman, or

even on the youngest pessimist. Who can pass a poultreer's without a glow of enthusiasm at the radiant sacrifice of that pride of the poultry-yard—the turkey? Who can glance at a toy-shop and not feel a yearning towards those triumphs of mechanism which seem to be suddenly touched with life? At Christmas, as every child knows, the doll and the Jack-in-the-box become sentient creatures, disdainful of wires and springs, and endowed



DECORATIONS FOR THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

domestic melodrama of snapdragon is a bore, and the excitement of decorating the village church for Christmas too childlike for any well-developed intelligence. Well, pessimism has invaded a considerable section of our literature, and a keen observer, in one of the most powerful of modern novels, tells us that marriage in these days is scarcely to be distinguished from a funeral. But the sons and daughters of men go on marrying with a considerable stock of cheerfulness, and an astonishing number of people continue to celebrate Christmas with all the

child who cannot supply the deficiencies of the climate at this season must be poorly endowed with imagination. If you cannot carry your own snowstorm in your head for the sake of the purely picturesque, you are no subject for festival. But there is a significant unanimity in the way people brace themselves up for Christmas. There is no half-hearted, tentative, shame-faced attempt to make believe they are glad. The shopkeepers go about the stage-management of the business with a robust purpose and a profusion of detail which cannot be without effect

with spontaneous tempers. Who can look through even the poorest window and not notice how one sprig of holly-berry contributes its spark of colour to the general illumination? Amid all the sorrowful tangle of social problems there is an undying spirit of hope which flames up at this season, and renews the stock of courage even where the fight is hardest and the strait is sorest. At Christmas, indeed, the world buckles on a new suit of armour, and goes out to the interminable war against ill with a chaplet of evergreen on its helmet.



PERSONAL.

Lord Herschell has delivered an eloquent eulogium of the Imperial Institute, dwelling chiefly on its extensive library, and its services to colonial industry. It is admitted, however, that the public shows a lack of interest in the enterprise. The number of Fellows is small, and the Institute is generally regarded as a pleasant place for listening to a good band. The Prince of Wales is anxious to impress the character of the Institute more seriously on the world; but the omens are not very favourable.

A letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Chauncey Depew has been published, giving forcible expression to the writer's feelings with regard to the Armenian question. The situation in Asia Minor at this moment is the best commentary on the letter. It appears that the Sultan is executing the policy of "reform" on the principle of exterminating all the Armenian Christians who will not embrace Islam. That is one way of settling the problem, but whether it commends itself to the Concert of the Powers is not quite clear.

Oxford can scarcely be described as the natural home of revolution, but some of her professors seem inclined to an upheaval of the English language. Professor Earle has advocated the abolition of all standards of orthography. Apparently he thinks that every man ought to be allowed to spell as he pleases. This idea is founded on the assumption that to confine a language to certain forms is to restrict its natural development. The French Academy is much more severe in its discipline of the French tongue than scholastic authorities in this country are with English, and yet we do not see any failure in the vitality of French diction. At the same time, it would be well if, in public examinations, orthography were not treated as one of the exact sciences.

The newly appointed Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Michael Anthony Shrapnel Biddulph, G.C.B., has been

Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower of London since 1891, and is Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery and President of the Ordnance Committee at the War Office. He entered the Army in 1844, became Captain in 1850 and Major in 1854, and served through the Crimean campaign—at the battles

of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and during the Siege of Sebastopol. In 1856 he was promoted to be a Lieutenant-Colonel. He was afterwards Deputy Adjutant-General of Artillery in India, and with the rank of Major-General commanded the Quetta field force in the Afghan War of 1878 and 1879, and the Second Division of the Kandahar field force on the Helmand; after which he was on the Divisional Staff of the Indian Army at Rawul Pindi. He received the honour of knighthood as a reward for his military services, and was then appointed a Groom-in-Waiting at the Court of our Queen.

The extradition proceedings against M. Emile Arton have had some lively developments. In a letter to the *Figaro* M. Arton describes a visit paid to him by an emissary of the French Minister of Justice, M. Ricard. The emissary is said to have made proposals on behalf of the French Government in the presence of witnesses, including Mr. Arthur Newton, the well-known solicitor. This is denied by M. Ricard, but the incident has led to a demand in Paris for a thorough inquiry. M. Arton asserts that the French police have had many opportunities of arresting him, which, for some mysterious reason, have been neglected.

A prosecution under the Locomotives Act has made the public alive to the legal restrictions which at present hamper the experiments with horseless carriages. According to the Statute any engine in the highway is treated as a locomotive, which must not travel at a pace exceeding three miles an hour without a signalman. Mr. Koosens, who was trying a motor-car driven by naphtha gas, was fined a shilling and costs for transgressing the Act. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre prepared a Bill for taking vehicles of this kind out of the purview of a law designed for quite another purpose; but the late Government went out before the Bill could be considered. Parliament ought to take the matter up, for it is very probable that horseless vehicles will effect a revolution in locomotion.

The Earl of Cork had an accident in the hunting field; but although he was thrown from his horse he received no

injury but a cut on the leg, and was able to take exercise on foot the following day.

The death of Cardinal Melchers, formerly Archbishop of Cologne, in his eighty-third year, recalls the historical incidents, over twenty years ago, of Prince Bismarck's

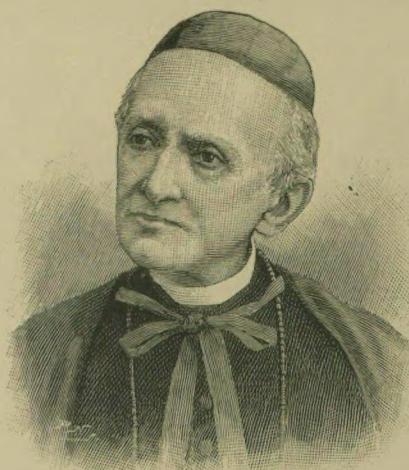


Photo F. de Federicis, Rome.
THE LATE CARDINAL MELCHERS.

political conflict with the Papal See upon the famous "May Laws," designed to check the growth of ecclesiastical power in the new German Empire. Archbishop Melchers, one of the first prelates in Germany to defy and denounce those laws, was condemned to penal imprisonment, and was actually sent to jail, which did not, however, deter forty-two other priests from imitating his martyrdom and going to prison in their turn. After his release the Archbishop was deprived of his office, so far as the Prussian Government could take it away, by a decree of the Royal Tribunal of Ecclesiastical Affairs at Berlin. He continued, nevertheless, while residing in the neighbouring Dutch territory, to issue pastoral instructions for the diocese of Cologne. Since his retirement of late years, with a stipend and the rank of Cardinal, he has lived at Rome.

Dr. Busby has figured in the Epilogue of the Westminster Play. He was represented in his "horsing" mood, for he appeared with a birch, and used it vigorously among the *dramatis personæ*.

Whatever may be the outcome of the copyright controversy with Canada, there is a general agreement that Mr. Hall Caine has conducted his mission on behalf of the British authors with rare tact. To his efforts is ascribed the present hopeful prospect of a satisfactory compromise. Mr. Hall Caine's personal success in Canada and the United States suggests that it might not be a bad idea to send an author-diplomatist to Washington as the general representative of British interests. This would recall the days when writers were not deemed unworthy to serve their country as Ambassadors.

The 125th anniversary of Beethoven's birth has been celebrated in musical circles with fitting solemnity during the past week. The event took place on either Dec. 16 or 17, 1770, at 115, Bonngasse, Bonn. On Saturday, Dec. 14, at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, a programme consisting entirely of Beethoven's works was performed, among which were included the "Symphonie Eroica" (No. 3) and the gorgeous concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in E flat. The symphony was played with rare skill and intelligence. Not so passionate as Herr Mottl, not so solemnly classical as Herr Richter, Mr. Manns still persists in a clear, intelligible path of his own. The "Funeral March," for example, was superbly played, with force, precision, and restrained sentiment. M. Siloti took the pianoforte in the

all likelihood, perform this ineffable composition as it sounded through the lofty halls of Beethoven's imagination; and it is to the credit of Mr. Henschel that his forces accomplished their task free from flagrant blemish, and with a tolerable approach to complete accuracy. Miss Fillunger, in particular, sang the mystical music of her part with profound devotional feeling. On the same evening, Mrs. Maddison and Miss Chappell, at 42, Great Marlborough Street, gave a musical at-home in honour of M. Gabriel Fauré, who conducted a programme consisting entirely of his own works.

The Monday Popular Concert, on the other hand, of Dec. 16, although, with the exception of the songs, it was composed entirely of the works of Beethoven, was a distinct disappointment. Herr Johannes Wolff, who led the fine Rasoumoffsky Quartet in F major, cannot play Beethoven with that delicacy of insight and precision of effect which are the first demands of good Beethoven playing. Unfortunately, again, this particular quartet is one of the most individually characteristic of Beethoven's works. The result was scarcely happy, although Signor Piatti played his violoncello with all the skill and purity of tone for which he is deservedly admired. Herr Reisenauer played the Sonata in C major, op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), with brilliance of execution, but without colour or inspiration. His technique is wonderful, but he lacks a due appreciation of light and shade. Mr. Plunket Greene, at the same concert, sang three charming Minnelieder of the sixteenth century, occasionally with fine intonation, but sometimes a little hoarsely. On the whole, the concert cannot frankly be described as worthy of the occasion.

Many boyish readers of romantic historical myths have thrilled with fierce delight at the fabled feat of Richard



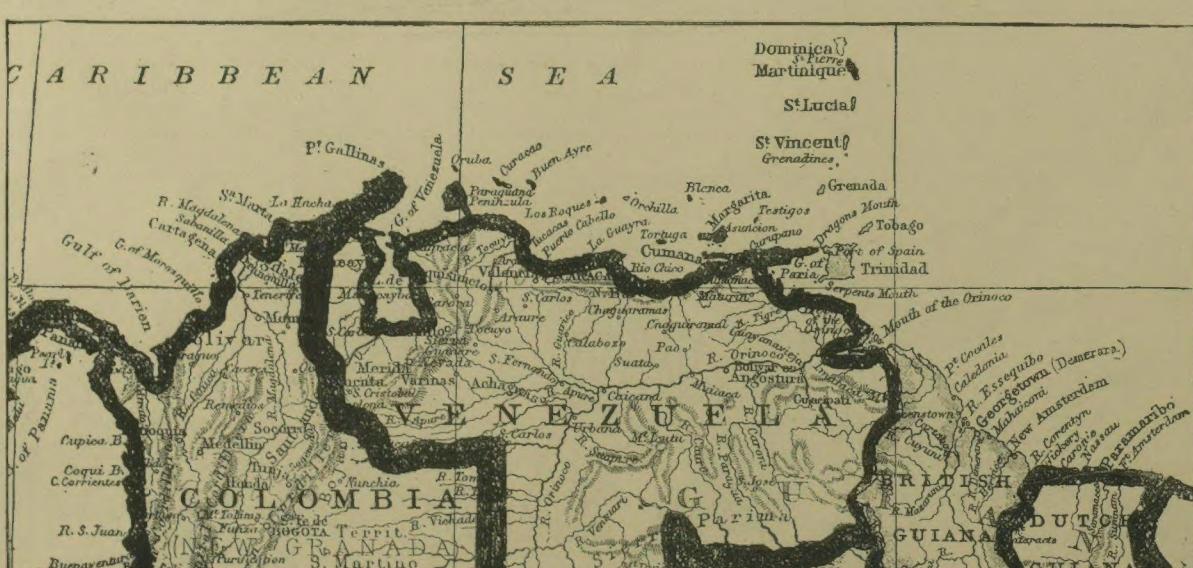
Photo Cumming, Aldershot.
THE LATE MAJOR SANDBACH.

Cœur-de-Lion, commemorated also by Shakespeare in three well-known majestic lines. But Major Sandbach, of the Royal Artillery, hunting a lioness in Somaliland the other day, attempted as bold an act, when he had fired his last cartridge, in thrusting the barrel of his rifle down the animal's throat. His shikari, or native huntsman, the only person beside him, after discharging both barrels of the second gun, had been killed by a blow from the paw of the enraged beast. The Major, apparently, had to thrust his right arm far into the mouth of the lioness, for her jaws closed fast upon it; he then tried, with his left hand, to force her jaws open, but she bit the left hand and arm while he was endeavouring to get himself free. Some of his native followers came up and killed her with spears. Major Sandbach was rescued alive. If surgery and medical care had been at hand, there is reason to believe that his injuries would not have been mortal; but ten days were occupied in carrying him to Aden, where the wounds of his right arm were found to be gangrened. The limb was then amputated, of course; it was, unhappily, too late, and Major Sandbach has died. He was Henry Martin Sandbach, son of the late Mr. H. R. Sandbach of Hafoduncs, in Denbighshire, and was thirty-seven years of age; he served with distinction in the Afghan and Soudan campaigns.

The boys who are no longer boys, but have grown to be young men, would have considered the death of Mr. Edwin J. Brett, if it had happened a few years ago, something in the nature of a national calamity. It was in the sixties and seventies that Mr. Brett, as the editor of *Boys of England*, thrilled week by week the youthful breasts of Britain. He established the paper at some risks with money which he had confidently borrowed for his schemes, and its instant success urged him to the further founding of other boys' papers, which won scarcely less favour than his first venture. By this means he amassed a considerable fortune. He died at his London residence on Monday, Dec. 16. Quite recently a portion of his fine

collection of old armour was sold for the sum of thirty thousand pounds.

Several complaints have been made to *The Illustrated London News* from manufacturers in different parts of the country to the effect that a man of the name of A. B. MacGibbon has represented himself as attached to the artist staff of this Journal. There has never been any one of the name of MacGibbon in any way associated with our staff.



THE DISPUTED BOUNDARY OF VENEZUELA AND BRITISH GUIANA.

See "Home and Foreign News."

concerto, and played cleanly and with intelligence, if without any strongly inspired sentiment. Fräulein Fillunger sang the grand scena "Ah! perfido" worthily, and the concert concluded with a distinguished performance of the "Leonora" Overture (No. 3). On the night of Tuesday, Dec. 17, Mr. Henschel's choir and orchestra, assisted by Miss Fillunger, Miss Agnes Janson, Mr. Hirwen Jones, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, were ambitious enough to attempt a rendering of Beethoven's tremendous *Missa Solemnis* in D. No mortal choir, one suspects, could, in

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Our attention has been called by a contemporary to a curious error in our Illustration last week of the Imperial Institute Amateur Orchestra at Windsor Castle. The artist who witnessed the interesting scene has, by a strange oversight, represented her Majesty as giving her arm to one of her Indian retinue, Ghola Mustapha, misnamed on the illustration Abdul Karim, who is her Indian secretary. As a matter of fact, the Queen would not take the arm of anyone under the rank of a Sovereign, and Ghola Mustapha is merely in the habit of supporting her Majesty's arm at the elbow when the Queen finds any difficulty in walking.

Her Majesty the Queen on Wednesday, Dec. 18, left Windsor Castle for Osborne House, Isle of Wight. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were with her Majesty at Windsor from Friday to Monday. On Saturday, Dec. 14, the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, and that of the death of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, a special memorial service was performed in the Royal Mausoleum Chapel at Frogmore. It was attended by the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise and her husband (the Marquis of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Albany. The service was performed by the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor, with the choir of St. George's Chapel. Prince Nicholas of Greece arrived at the Castle on Sunday morning.

Her Majesty has another great-grandchild. The Duchess of York on Saturday morning at three o'clock gave birth to a second son, at York Cottage, Sandringham. Both mother and babe are well.

The Queen has decided to visit the Riviera in March, and has again engaged the Hôtel de Cimiez, near Nice, for a month.

The Prince of Wales on Thursday, Dec. 12, while shooting at Hall Barn, Bucks, with a party including Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Carrington, Lord Russell of Killowen, Sir Henry Hawkins, Sir Edward Lawson, the owner of the Hall Barn estate, and other gentlemen, met with a slight accident. Some grains of powder, as he was firing, entered his right eye. The injury was painful, and he was obliged to retire from the sport, but it has caused no further ill effect. His Royal Highness went on Tuesday to shoot with the Earl of Carnarvon's party at Highclere, Newbury.

An Order in Council and a Royal Proclamation have been issued for the meeting of Parliament on Tuesday, Feb. 11.

On Monday evening the Prince of Wales presided at the Imperial Institute, where Lord Herschell delivered an address upon its objects and prospects, reviewing the progress of the Indian and Colonial Sections, with their instructive collections of natural products and materials of manufacture, the Commercial Intelligence Department and that of Scientific and Practical Research, and the facilities for conferences, for lectures and studies, and for advice to intending emigrants. With regard to the finances of this institution, Lord Herschell observed that although more than a third part of the total contributions was kept as an endowment fund, the income derived from it did little more than pay rates and taxes. There were eight thousand Fellows, and hundreds of thousands of people had visited the exhibition galleries; but the expenses had been largely defrayed by attractive popular entertainments. He considered that the Institute was entitled to more substantial public support for its work of practical utility. The Prince of Wales briefly expressed his agreement with this view of its position.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, at Birmingham, with the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, opened the new municipal Technical School on Dec. 13, and next day received, at the Council House, first a deputation of the Birmingham and Midland Education League, headed by Mr. George Dixon, and immediately afterwards one from the Voluntary Schools Defence Association, with the Bishop of Coventry, representing opposite views regarding the competition between Board Schools and those established by the efforts of the Church or other religious communities, with reference to the claims of the latter to increased Government support. His Grace recommended both these rival parties to consider whether they should not keep as nearly as possible to the compromise settlement of 1870, but he could not tell them what Government would do.

At a meeting of the National Agricultural Union, the Earl of Winchilsea in the chair, at St. James's Hall on Dec. 12, a letter from the Duke of Devonshire was read, suggesting that farmers might be assisted by improved methods of collecting, conveying, distributing, and selling their produce, and that experiments with this view could be made by co-operative societies without risking any serious loss of capital. He also recommended further negotiations with the railway companies to lessen the cost of conveying agricultural produce. Mr. Walter Long, President of the Board of Agriculture, addressed this meeting. On the motion of the Marquis of Huntly a resolution was passed approving of the co-operative association, to be started early in the spring of next year, for the collection of British farm produce and its distribution to populous towns.

A great meeting of members of Nonconformist churches in London, to protest against the hesitation of the European Powers to stop the Turkish atrocities in Armenia, was held at the City Temple on Tuesday evening. The Rev. Dr.

Parker, who presided, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, Mr. W. Hazell, M.P., Mr. A. Spicer, M.P., Mr. Rickett, M.P., and Mr. Percy Bunting were the chief speakers. A letter from Mr. Gladstone was read, and strong resolutions were passed.

The attempt to settle the wages dispute between engineering and iron shipbuilding workmen and their employers at Belfast and on the Clyde, by the conference before Lord James (Sir Henry James) at Glasgow, has entirely failed. The workmen at Glasgow, Greenock, and Clydebank, following the example of those at Belfast, rejected the proposed terms by their ballot vote on Saturday, 2277 voting against and only 164 in favour of the arrangement that was offered to them. The Belfast men voted 879 to 25 against it.

The London County Council on Tuesday passed the statutory resolutions for purchasing from the London Street Tramways Company, under the Tramways Act of 1870, the North London portion of their undertakings. An appeal from the company to the highest Court of Law against the compulsory exercise of the power given to the County Council was dismissed by the Judges on Friday. The report of the Parliamentary Committee on the metropolitan water-supply question, recommending that Government and Parliament be invited to constitute a new public authority for the whole area of the Thames and Lea Valleys, with power to negotiate for purchase of the existing companies' waterworks, was adopted by a majority

commended the policy of a stricter administration combined with organised local charitable agencies, instancing St. Saviour's, Shoreditch, and St. George's-in-the-East. During the long frost there were the fewest applications for work. The labour-yard system needed proper safeguards. All relieving agencies should keep a record of the cases they relieved, and this should be rendered common information for others who wished to relieve distress.

All European politics, except the Turkish question, in which no visible progress has been effected, seemed on Wednesday morning to be rendered of small importance to Englishmen by the astounding news that Mr. Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States, with his Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, proposed in a Message to Congress, upon the ground of what is called "the Monroe doctrine," to interfere with the territorial frontier dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela. That question, which has been repeatedly discussed, relates to the western boundary of British Guiana beyond the Essequibo River, and to the rightful dominion of an almost unoccupied tract of country around the Kuyuni and the Mazaruni, which is believed to contain gold-fields. Its situation is shown by our Map on the preceding page. The country formerly belonged to the old Dutch colony of Surinam, but was ceded to Great Britain in 1814, with the other parts of what is now called British Guiana. The Spanish American Republic of Venezuela, which came into existence about

1830, has no claim to the territory, saving that it was of old part of the American dominions of the Kings of Spain. With regard to the United States of North America, which never at any time possessed any territories in South America, their statesmen at Washington have been accustomed to lay stress in a general way upon a declaration made by President Monroe in 1823, that they would not permit any European sovereignty to overthrow any American Republic. Now, President Cleveland, after a prolonged controversy with Lord Salisbury, which began with the British claim from Venezuela for a moderate compensation for the ill-treatment of some British colonial frontier constables and officers, has advanced the "Monroe doctrine," insisting upon the whole territorial question being submitted to adjudication by the United States Government. In his Message to the Senate he proposes that Congress shall appoint a Commission of Inquiry to investigate the boundary question, and that if Great Britain should appropriate territory belonging, in the opinion of that Commission, to Venezuela, the United States Government will "resist such appropriation by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests"!

The American news, as we have remarked, leaves but small space or leisure for notice of Continental affairs. The German Emperor has been at Kiel to superintend the business of naval recruiting, and has visited Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh on his way back, in a very friendly manner. Italy is mainly intent upon retrieving the military check which her arms have encountered in Northern Abyssinia. The French Chamber of Deputies has begun its discussion of the Ministers' Budget. The Spanish Government in Cuba does not seem to be gaining ground against the rebels, who have overrun the province of Santa Clara. But in the capital city of Spain during some days past the public attention has been engrossed by a demonstration of popular leaders against the great scandals in the municipal government of Madrid.

In different parts of Africa events of a disturbing character have been reported. A caravan of more than a thousand men, carrying goods and driving cattle on the road between Uganda and the seacoast in British East Africa, on Nov. 26 was attacked by the savage Masai in the Eldoma ravine, and was almost entirely destroyed. Mr. Andrew Dick, a Scotch trader, is said to have been killed, and there was great slaughter of the native followers.

In Madagascar, the English missionary station at Ramanandri, belonging to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has been attacked by a mob, and the buildings destroyed, but Mr. MacMahon, the missionary, with his family and servants, escaped. French troops were promptly sent to the rescue.

The Congo Free State troops, under Major Lothaire, have defeated the insurgents or mutineers at Luluaberg, on the river Lomami. Major Lothaire is the Belgian officer whose trial for illegally hanging Mr. Stokes has been demanded by England. The Free State has paid to Germany 100,000 francs compensation for injury to Mr. Stokes' caravan porters.

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COSTAKI PASHA, THE NEW TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

See "Our Illustrations."

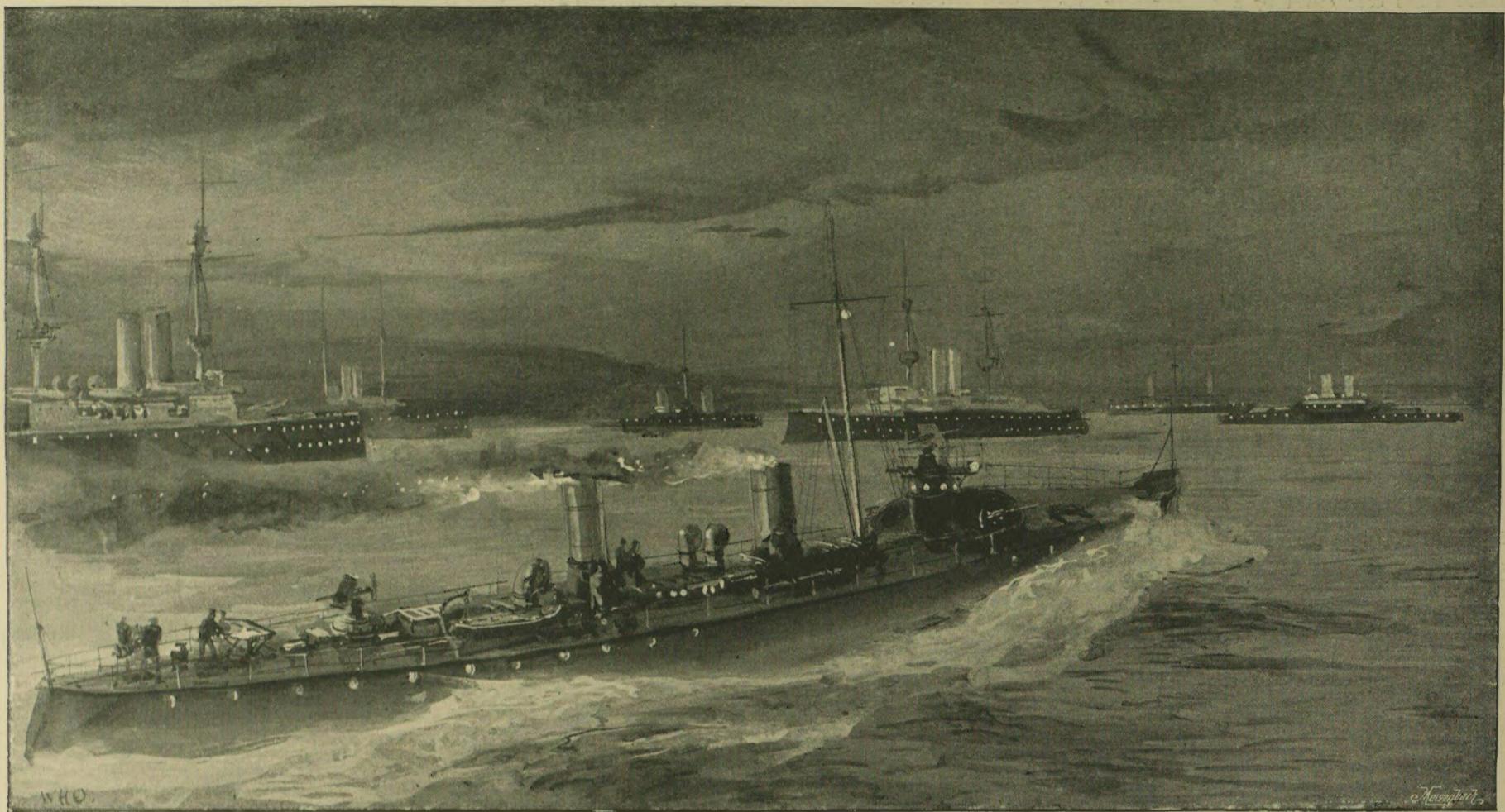
of 56 votes against 43, after some discussion. Sir Arthur Arnold, the Chairman of the Council, was elected an Alderman.

The London School Board has been considering the report of a committee which proposes to raise the highest salary of assistant teachers from £155 to £175; but has referred it back to the committee, that the financial effect of this proposal may be estimated.

Several fishing-smacks were lost off the eastern coasts of England in the violent gales of Dec. 12 and Dec. 13, and some men were drowned. The coal-steamer *Enterprise*, from Cardiff, foundered in the Bristol Channel, but the crew escaped in boats. Collisions with powerful Atlantic steam-ships in the Mersey have damaged two vessels, but caused no loss of life. The White Star liner *Germanic* ran into the *Cumbrae*, a Glasgow steamer, and sank her, but saved all her crew; the *Germanic* herself, with a hole 9 ft. by 7 ft. in her bow, has gone into dock for repairs.

The Charity Organisation Society on Monday discussed a report by Mr. C. S. Loch, the secretary, upon the means and methods adopted in the spring months of 1895 for the relief of distress in London. He dwelt much upon the examples of several Poor-law Unions where able-bodied men had been relieved either through the labour-yard or without a labour test and outside the workhouse; notably at Poplar and St. Olave's the expenditure had been most wasteful; in January and February pauperism had nearly doubled and trebled in amount, and the system had tended to idleness maintained by terrorism. Every ton of stone broken in the labour-yard of St. Olave's had cost the ratepayers £7. In other Unions, such as Camberwell, outdoor relief to the able-bodied had quadrupled the amount of pauperism, and in St. Pancras its increase was four thousand. He

THE TURKISH CRISIS: WAR-SHIPS AT SALONICA.



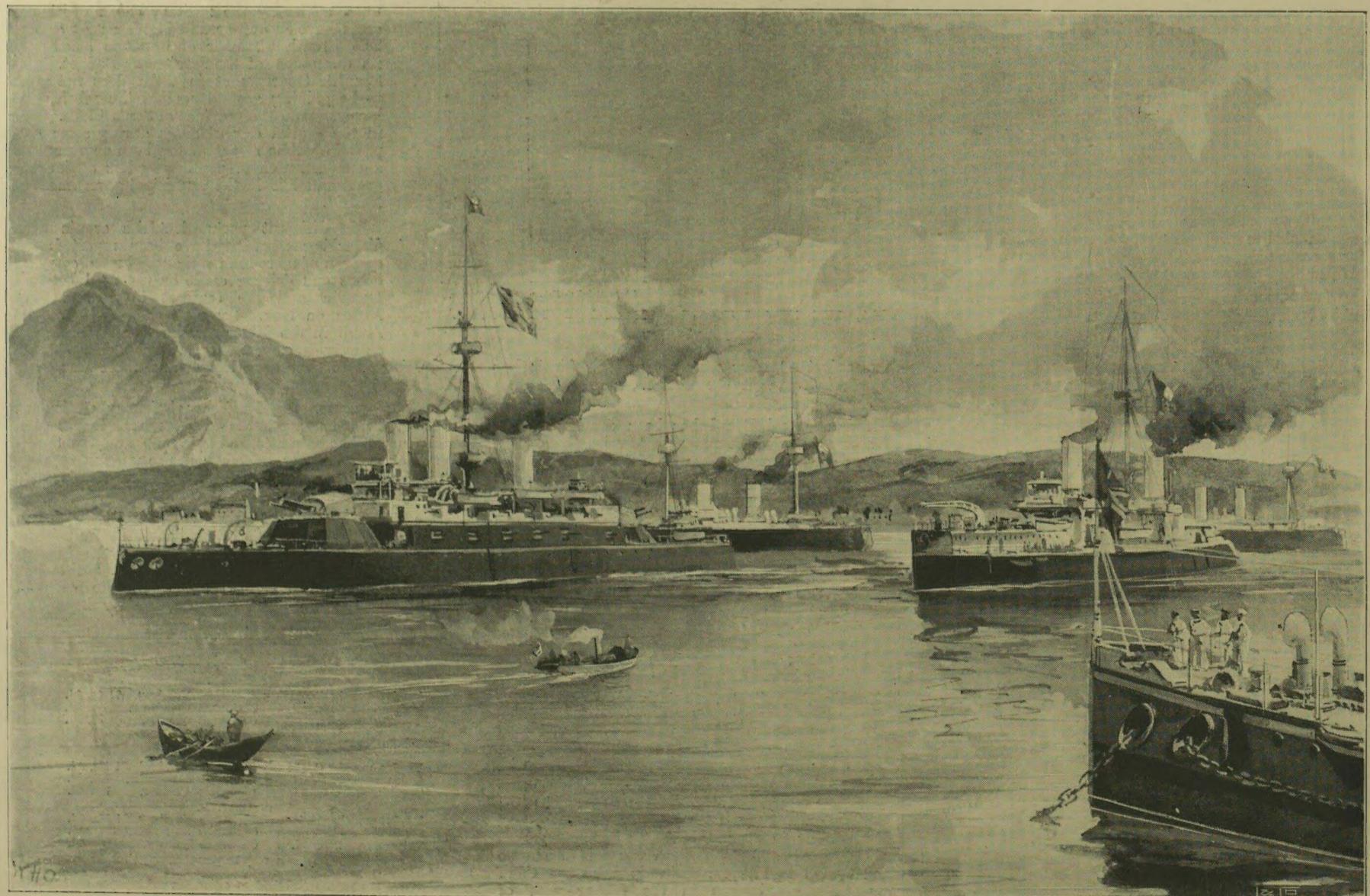
THE "ARDENT" STARTING AT FULL SPEED TO OVERTAKE THE "DRYAD."

Sketch by Mr. Elgar R. Morant, H.M.S. "Trafalgar."

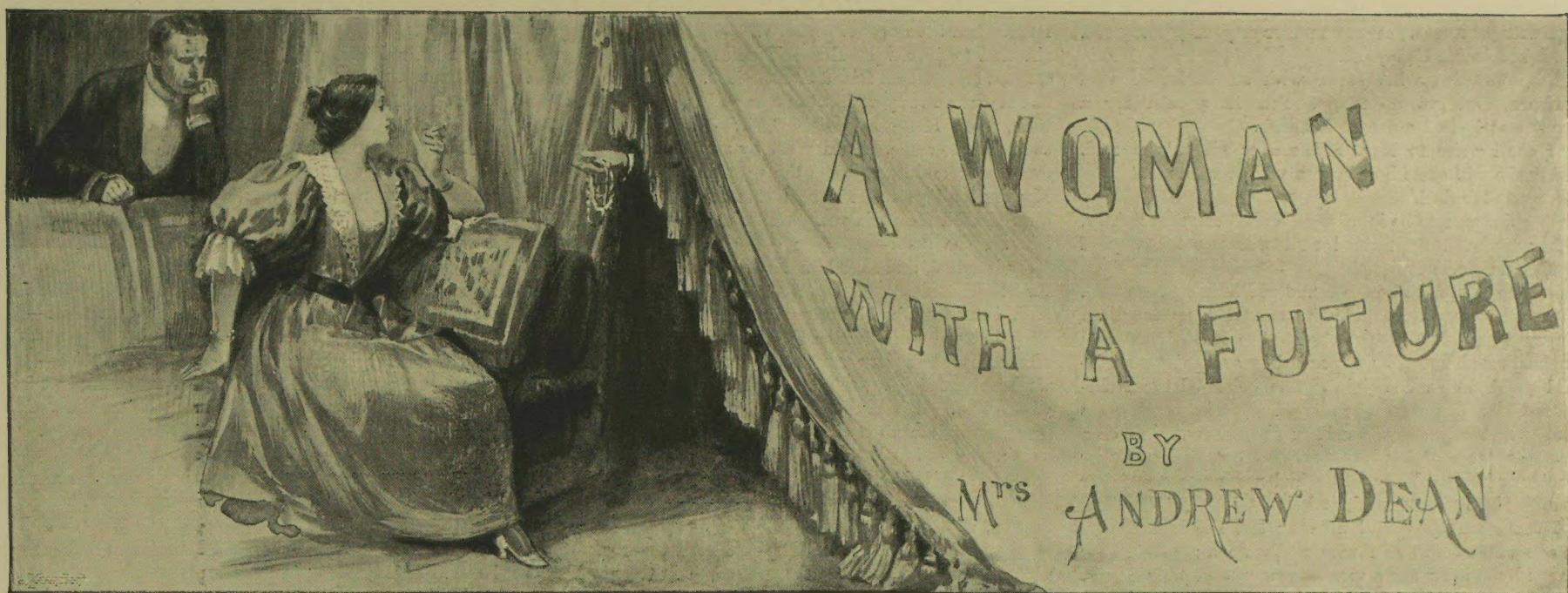
The harbour of Salonica, the most considerable seaport of European Turkey on the shores of the Aegean Sea, contains just now an imposing array of foreign naval force, comprising the British Mediterranean Squadron, under command of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, with Russian, French, Italian, and Austrian war-ships, in all between twenty and thirty, combined to signify the united political councils of the Great Powers, including Germany, though she has not yet sent her ships. The only incident that

for a few days seemed likely to cause serious trouble was the vacillation of Sultan Abdul Hamid upon the question of permitting each foreign Embassy to have a second vessel, a gun-boat or armed dispatch-boat, which should come up to Constantinople, and was there to lie in the Bosphorus alongside of the Ambassador's steam-yacht usually in attendance. Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, had already sent word to Admiral Culme-Seymour, who had accordingly ordered the gun-boat

Dryad to go to the Dardanelles, less than one day's steaming from Salonica. When he got notice of the unforeseen difficulty the Admiral started off a swift torpedo-boat destroyer, the *Ardent*, to overtake the *Dryad* with orders to return; this is shown in one of our sketches. It was not until several days later, Thursday, Dec. 12, that the *Dryad*, accompanied by the Italian dispatch-vessel *Archimede*, was allowed to pass, reaching Constantinople in the evening of the same day.



THE ITALIAN SQUADRON JOINING THE BRITISH FLEET.



A WOMAN WITH A FUTURE

BY
MRS ANDREW DEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER IX.

Towards the end of the winter Philip finished the first part of his History. It had taken longer than he expected, so his wife thought he must have dawdled over it. He found no difficulty in arranging for its publication, but, of course, the negotiations occupied some time, and when they were completed Hesperia could not see that they promised a fortune, or even a sum of money worth consideration. She said this was a great blow to her. She had always supposed that if only people finished their books and wrote plenty of them the money followed as a matter of course. One day she cut out a newspaper paragraph in which a popular novelist was said to make the income of a Cabinet Minister. Philip found it in a conspicuous position on the drawing-room chimneypiece when he joined his wife after dinner. He made no remark.

After taking breath for a short time he buckled to again, and then he found that it would be necessary to spend some months in Berlin. He had always expected the need to arise at this stage of his work, and he had spoken of it once or twice to Hesperia. When he had quite made up his mind that he must go this spring he took for granted that she would go with him, and asked her to be ready by the middle of March.

"I don't think you will dislike Berlin," he said. "You will get good music and a good opera."

"I hate Germany," she replied.

"I thought England was the country you hated," said Philip, and then reproached himself for his satirical tone.

"I suppose you would go to some poky quiet hotel."

"No," said Philip. "Hotels are noisy and expensive. I think of a small furnished flat or a few rooms."

"What a life!" she cried. "I pass!"

"What do you mean?"

"I will not go. I would rather stay at home."

Philip was silent, and she continued—

"As if there were not books and manuscripts in London! I suppose you haven't read through the British Museum."

"Do you think your mother would come and stay with you?" said Philip, after some reflection.

"Why should she? I can take care of myself."

Philip had come into the drawing-room rather earlier than usual to talk of his plans. The husband and wife rarely spent much of the evening together now. Indeed, they were not very much together at all. Hesperia put no check on her nervous whims, and her husband could hardly move or speak without irritating her. Yet Philip had no tricks of manner that were disagreeable to other people. There are worthies in the world who yawn or sniff or fidget until you begin to feel that one of the devil's gentlemen would be pleasanter company. But Philip did none of these evil things. His manners were as good as the cut of his coat. He had the pleasant voice, the quiet movements, the well-groomed look common to Englishmen of his training. But his wife had returned in fancy to an earlier ideal, the man of burly physique and empty mind. Her husband no longer fascinated her, though there were brief moments when his straight nose or his dignity of manner excited her approval.

Philip knew that his wife's sentiment for him had died out a few months after marriage. His affection for her still had some life in it. She constantly hurt and offended him, but there were memories that kept his heart warm, prolonged his admirable patience with her.

"I think you had better come to Berlin with me," he said to-night after some reflection. He foresaw that his work would suffer from the presence of an unwilling companion, but he had long since made up his mind that in this contrary world every man has to work as best he can with this or that against him.

"I prefer to stay at home," said Hesperia. "In London life without money is very sad, but it would kill me to be shut up with you in German lodgings. I cannot quite give up the society of my fellow-creatures. We are not sent here to be unsociable."

"If you will not come to Germany, you must get your mother or mine to stay with you here," said Philip. "You had better write to Mrs. Madison at once."

"I suppose you don't trust me," said Hesperia sorrowfully. "It is a miserable thing to be born a woman. All the great poets have said so, and they are right. But can you tell me why we endure it? Why don't we throw off our shackles? Suppose I forbid you to go to Berlin unless you take a nurse to keep you out of mischief. On the whole, men need much more looking after than women. Not you, perhaps—"



Hesperia turned her startled eyes towards him, and tried to make out whether he spoke in jest or earnest.

Hesperia paused contemptuously. Philip opened the evening paper.

"I will not have either my mother or yours," she cried. "I insist on living by myself."

Philip put away his paper with an exclamation of impatience, and got up to go. But he paused for a moment and looked down at his wife.

"I shall write to Mrs. Madison to-night," he said. "Either she will come here or you will go with me."

Hesperia laughed.

"It suits you to be in a rage, Phil," she said lightly, and her husband understood that this was her way of accepting defeat.

Mrs. Troy did not like the sound of Philip's exile at all. She thought that man and wife should keep together. Philip explained that Hesperia refused to leave home, and in euphemisms his mother expressed her surprise that he should yield on such a point. She belonged to an old-fashioned race of women who obeyed their husbands as a matter of course, just as a soldier obeys his officers, or a citizen the laws of his country, without losing either character or independence. She had never questioned her husband's right of command, and she had never talked big about the emancipation of women; but she had always been one of those women who really do a great deal for their sex by gaining the respect of every man they know. Whatever their opinions may be, the women who are lightly thought of do not help each other on.

Of course the real difficulty of choice between two ways arises when both ways are misty and lead Heaven knows where. Most of us would turn into the right path if we could see it plainly. Philip did not like leaving his wife behind him, but he liked still less to take her with him against her will. And he had to go or give up his History. He knew that Mr. Cassel was in New York, and he did not start until after Mrs. Madison's arrival in Kensington Square.

"I hope you will amuse yourself," said Hesperia, as she bade her husband good-bye. "Why should people mope because they are married?"

Mrs. Troy called on Mrs. Madison soon after Philip's departure, and found that the Prince of Schmaratzenburg had not yet been forgotten. Mrs. Madison showed surprise at finding her daughter still in a house where the staircase was so narrow that two people could hardly go down to dinner together, and in other respects the tone she tried to take about Philip was one of familiar and playful disparagement. She called him a deserter.

"I am going to scold him," she said archly. "I am not at all pleased, dear boy."

"I suppose you know that Philip desired his wife to go with him, and that she refused," said Mrs. Troy.

When Mrs. Madison did not wish to answer what was said to her she began to talk of something else. With young and timid people the trick invariably succeeded, but Mrs. Troy brushed aside a remark about the curtains, and repeated her own question. She would not be treated in a cavalier manner by Mrs. Madison.

"Dear Hesperia," the lady sighed. "Do you think Philip makes her quite, quite happy? Hers is such a sensitive nature—so easily bruised. Perhaps she had an inward feeling that her husband wished to go alone."

"Does she say so?"

"Darling child! She says nothing. I think she is more beautiful than ever. That look of melancholy becomes her, though it breaks my heart to see it."

Hesperia came in just then, and Mrs. Troy could not discover any signs of sorrow about her. She said "How d'ye do?" with her usual lackadaisical air, and then fixed her attention on a penny puzzle.

"I buy every penny toy I see," she said. "In a country of mutes they come in handy after dinner. We sit and play with them, and when I laugh they ask me what I'm laughing at."

"Have you heard from Philip yet?" asked Mrs. Troy.

"Yes."

"He has arrived safely in Berlin?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Troy looked as if she would like to know more out of her son's letter, but Hesperia began to talk of something else. It amused her to withhold news of Philip from his mother, who was, of course, eager to hear it. But she was not actually ill-natured, and she set no value on her husband's letter, so she gave it to Mrs. Troy when she bid good-bye, and said it need not be returned.

During the next three months Mrs. Troy did not see much of her daughter-in-law, but there was some communication between the two households, and she heard enough of what went on in Kensington Square to make her uneasy. For one thing, she felt sure that the two ladies were spending a great deal of money. She heard of large luncheon-parties and little dinners, and long drives to smart Cockney pleasure-grounds. Hesperia's costumes were more various and wonderful than they had ever been before, and Hesperia's friends seemed to a quiet old lady more mixed and disagreeable. Whenever Mrs. Troy entered her son's house she met people there that he would not have suffered: loud over-dressed women and men who bragged of the prices they paid for what they fancied; people of fluctuating fortunes and an uncertain social position, who wasted money like water until some crash came that buried them.

How Hesperia had jumped into intimacy with them puzzled Mrs. Troy. Even the Westobys and their cranky friends had been better. Mrs. Westoby went about saying she had "given up" Hesperia since the perverse young woman had made a friend of little Mrs. Larches, who came out of the Conway v. Lawton case so badly. At the same time, when Hesperia invited the Westobys to lunch, they consented to come. Paul Westoby still did a little flutter sometimes, and he still met the people who put him on in Kensington Square. He said that he could not afford to quarrel with Hesperia yet. When his play was produced—but all the actor-managers seemed to live in Clapham. They laughed, and told him he would never get a license for it.

When Philip had been away nearly three months, Mrs. Troy received an invitation to lunch in Kensington Square. She accepted it, because she had not seen Hesperia for weeks, and for her son's sake she liked to keep his wife within ken. It is always vexatious to accept an invitation unwillingly, and then to see that it has been given with a groan. When Mrs. Troy got to the house, she found no one ready to receive her, and through the open dining-room door she saw signs of yesterday's feast—a great array of drooping flowers, a half-eaten pine-apple, some empty champagne-bottles. The drawing-room smelt of stale tobacco. When at last Mrs. Madison and Hesperia came in they looked as if they could hardly keep their eyes open, and they both showed that it cost them a great effort to be sociable.

"We had a pleasant little dinner-party last night," said Mrs. Madison after a yawn had actually escaped her. "Just a few really nice people, you know. I am charmed with one of Hesperia's friends. I wonder if you have met him—a Mr. Cassel. Such a handsome, fascinating man, and rich—*à faire peur*. We sat up talking to him till the small hours; in fact I believe I had a nap. At least I was shocked to find out suddenly how late it was—and I'm sure I don't know what we were talking about after Mr. Cassel told us that long story about his ride across Mexico. What did we talk about, darling?"

"I don't remember," said Hesperia, getting up and turning her back rather sharply on her mother and Mrs. Troy. She picked up some fallen rose-leaves and then went into the back drawing-room to receive Mrs. Westoby and Paul, who had come in that way. Directly after, lunch was announced, and everyone went downstairs. With two such talkers at table as Mrs. Westoby and Mrs. Madison the lead often slipped from Hesperia and went the very way she wished to avoid. Over and over again the mention of Mr. Cassel's name showed Mrs. Troy that he must be in and out of the house a good deal.

"He never comes near us now," said Mrs. Westoby.

"I particularly want five minutes of his precious time," said Paul. "I suppose my best chance is to look in here some evening after dinner."

The Westobys were not in a good humour. It did not flatter them to be asked with only Mrs. Troy, and to be offered the fragments of a feast in which they had not shared. Some forms of hospitality do more to sever friends than downright neglect. They went soon after lunch, and Mrs. Troy did not stay long behind them.

Directly her guests had gone Hesperia said reproachfully to her mother—

"I told you not to mention Mr. Cassel before the old lady. Your memory must be failing."

"Where was the harm?" said Mrs. Madison, flushing with vexation. It was true that being sleepy and off her guard, she had quite forgotten Hesperia's caution.

"The Westobys would never have dragged his name in if you had not begun. They know that Philip took an absurd dislike to him. Didn't you see the first time you spoke that you had blundered?"

Mrs. Madison looked uneasily at her daughter, but lunch had made her sleepier than ever, and she wanted a nap. She thought that when she woke up she would talk seriously to Hesperia about Mr. Cassel. She had not been told before that Philip had objected to him.

Hesperia went to sleep too, and awoke about half-past three. Then she had a cup of tea, put on a new white gown and a gay toque, sent for a hansom and drove to Hurlingham. She found Mr. Cassel waiting for her within the gates. They had arranged to meet there at four, and she arrived half an hour late; but he said it did not matter, because, quite by chance, he had met a man he wanted to do business with. They had come to terms under the shade of those trees, and Mr. Cassel reckoned that Hesperia's want of punctuality would put some thousands in his pocket. So he was naturally in a good humour, and ready to enjoy everything—the gardens, the sunshine, the polo, the smartly dressed crowd, and the admiring glances cast at his beautiful companion. They found two vacant chairs under an umbrella awning, and sat down to watch the game.

But Hesperia felt miserable. She was one of the gay scene, but only by an accident that might not recur. When Philip came back the pleasant places of the world would be closed to her. The very gown she wore had been got in a way she could not own, to such shifts does a poor husband drive a pretty woman. It was hard. Here, at her side, sat the man to suit her—strong, good-humoured, self-indulgent, able and willing to indulge her to the uttermost; just the man who always has a full purse and empties it readily into pretty hands. Life with him would bring

no sacrifices, hold no austere views, oblige no mean economies. It would be a lazy, delightful drift, full of flash and luxury, gems, horses, frocks, champagne. He never looked at her disapprovingly or laughed at her sentiments. He evidently thought deeds and sentiments were the same thing, which is what Hesperia thought, too. She stood at the gates of Paradise and could not enter in.

Mr. Cassel did not notice that his companion was out of spirits. He enjoyed sitting still in the shade and watching the men and ponies at their game. The wilder the rushes the prouder he felt of English energy and muscle. He considered himself an Englishman, and held that man his enemy who took him for anything else. Presently, in an interval between two games, he looked critically at Hesperia's gown and said with a smile—

"It is a great success."

Hesperia sighed, and said in a mournful voice—

"Some people would say I was very wrong to take it." "Oh! some people say it's wrong to smoke a cigar or drink a glass of wine," said Mr. Cassel composedly. "One can't be a Puritan—at least, you and I can't."

"I suppose one has a mental constitution as much as a bodily one. We must do what agrees with us."

"Well, I never trouble much," said Mr. Cassel. "I eat what I like and I do what I like, and I don't get on badly. Shall we go and have tea?"

With some difficulty they found two seats at a little table and ordered what they wanted. Hesperia listened to a little group of people close by—two pretty, well-dressed women and two smart-looking men. They were going to separate for dinner and meet again at a reception given at a great house in honour of some foreign potentate, and after that they talked of another reception and a dance. Were the evening hours long enough for all they had to do? Hesperia heard one of the women addressed as Lady Mary and engaged for various dances this night and the next. And Hesperia looked forward to spending the rest of the day with her mother in Kensington Square. Their dinner would be scrappy, and they might go to bed at ten o'clock.

"I am fond of the country in this hot weather," said Mr. Cassel. "The City was suffocating this morning. Shall we stay here and dine, or drive to Richmond and dine there?"

Hesperia could not resist the chance of drawing out the day a little longer. But she thought Richmond, in spite of its hotel, sounded like tea and shrimps. She would rather dine here, she said.

"We might have a drive before dinner," said Mr. Cassel.

So he hired a carriage, and they were driven up Putney Hill and across Wimbledon Common. The flowering shrubs and trees were in full blossom, and a night of heavy rain had laid the dust. The air was fresh and sweetly scented, the distant woods of Coombe and Richmond were wrapped in a faint blue haze. Everywhere the birds were singing madly; on the common the young birches fluttered delicately in the evening breeze, the gorse was in flower, and the bracken still looked untrodden. Near the Windmill they got out of the carriage and walked away from the driving-road towards a quiet dell, where nightingales were singing. They stood among the bracken and listened for a time. In the dim evening light they could see no houses from here; and distinguish none of the city sounds. The emotions of the moment were peaceful and expansive.

"Why do any of us live in cities?" said Hesperia, her beautiful eyes raised solemnly to heaven. "I should like to stay here for ever and listen to the nightingales."

"Come with me to Italy and listen to them there," said Mr. Cassel.

Hesperia turned her startled eyes towards him, and tried to make out whether he spoke in jest or earnest. It seemed impossible that he should make such a proposal without more preface, with such a matter-of-fact air. But his voice had trembled slightly, and his eyes—well, his eyes often said a good deal of late. However, she decided to treat the invitation lightly this first time of asking.

"I wish I could," she said, turning back towards the carriage. "I know how the nightingales sing there."

"Ah! you think I am not in earnest," whispered a muffled voice just behind her.

They had a successful little dinner that lasted until after ten o'clock, and then they drove back to town in a hansom. As they approached Kensington Mr. Cassel said—

"This has been very pleasant. Let us repeat it next Saturday. Can you come?"

"I never know what I can do from one week to the other," said Hesperia. "Suppose my husband came home suddenly?"

"But why should you suppose anything so disagreeable? It is not likely, is it?"

"I don't know. A crash is always likely when you tread on thin ice. Don't think of it, though—don't talk of it. Let us enjoy ourselves to-night. How pretty the streets look! There is the moon again. It was only hidden for a moment. I don't want to go home and to bed like a good girl. I am not a good girl. I don't want to be one. They miss everything, don't they? And what for? Let us drive right into London and go to a music-hall, and have supper afterwards. Perhaps someone will see us together. Who cares?"

"Well, of course, I don't," said Mr. Cassel doubtfully. His companion's artificial high spirits puzzled him. However, he told the cabman to drive on, and they soon reached Piccadilly Circus, where the lights flashed and the crowd moved here and there and the press of vehicles came to a stand-still every now and then. Hesperia leaned forward and watched the scene. For some minutes their hansom

after his wife; but should she, his mother, urge him to do so? What reason could she give that did not sound too serious? Would he not take it ill if she sounded an unwarranted alarm? Of course she might write and mention casually that this Mr. Cassel seemed to be in and out of the house a good deal. Somehow she could not make up her mind to do this. Little as she knew of the

One morning, a few days after she had been to lunch in Kensington Square, she felt mildly surprised when her housemaid told her that Mrs. Madison had called, and was in the drawing-room. Of course her first thoughts flew to Philip, and she hurried upstairs, fearing bad news. She found her visitor in a state of some agitation; but apparently Philip had nothing to do



Suddenly Hesperia drew back and sheltered in her corner of the cab.

could not move out of a block near the Criterion. The theatres had just emptied themselves.

Suddenly Hesperia drew back and sheltered in her corner of the cab.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Cassel.

"There—on the pavement—Dr. Clavering—Philip's friend. He saw us."

CHAPTER X.

For once Mrs. Troy could not make up her mind. She did not like meddling; she did not like to see mischief going on. She felt sure that Philip ought to come home and look

facts, she had an instinct that the news would startle and vex her son.

Mrs. Troy did not suspect that Hesperia received a man against whom her husband had actually closed his doors; but she believed in the irreparable breach that can be made by a little blunder. She was painfully afraid of making matters worse between Philip and his wife. She spent some brooding days and nights, and then a letter from Philip helped her to a conclusion. He said that he saw the end of his work, and hoped to be home in a month or six weeks. So long Mrs. Troy thought she might tempt fate by inaction.

with it. Mrs. Madison said that she must leave London at once because her only brother, a solicitor in the North of England, lay at the point of death, and had sent for her. Mrs. Troy could not feel sure which emotions Mrs. Madison meant to express most strongly—sorrow, hope, or uneasiness.

"I would not have left our dear Hesperia on any account," she murmured; "but poor Tom . . . a most prosperous solicitor—poor dear fellow—and no wife or children. . . . I never have flown in the face of Providence . . . I should think it disrespectful. . . . but Philip is quite right . . . too young and pretty . . . and

it does seem a pity he did not take her with him. There must be something a litt'l wrong about a man who cannot attach his wife to him . . . and of course she always was very impressionable. At the same time, poor Tom must come first just now."

"How long do you expect to be away?" said Mrs. Troy, who was getting impatient.

"It may be weeks."

"I suppose you have heard from Philip. He expects to be back in a month."

"A month is a long time," said Mrs. Madison.

Mrs. Troy did not easily act on a hint or understand an innuendo. She expected people to talk straight, and then she would answer them. But she saw that Mrs. Madison really had some disturbing idea in her mind.

"Perhaps you think your daughter ought not to be left alone," she said.

"I am sure she ought not," said Mrs. Madison.

The two women looked at each other.

"Couldn't you go and stay with her, dear Mrs. Troy? Of course, it would be a sacrifice. Youth and crabbed age . . . and youth is very trying sometimes. But we all have to follow where conscience leads . . . poor Tom! We have not met for forty years. I wonder whether he will know me."

"Has Hesperia sent me an invitation through you?" asked Mrs. Troy.

Mrs. Madison shuffled.

"Not exactly. Do you consider it necessary? Your son's house, you know . . . and the child has always been so fond of you. I am sure it would be a delightful arrangement for the next few weeks: so cheery for you."

"I really don't see how I can take myself there except by Hesperia's invitation," said Mrs. Troy. But she observed real anxiety behind Mrs. Madison's grimaces and phrases, and so she promised that a note or even a message from her daughter-in-law should establish her in Kensington Square.

Mrs. Madison only looked half satisfied, but she thanked Mrs. Troy effusively, and chattered herself out of the house. When the front door closed Mrs. Troy went upstairs and reviewed her clothes. Whether you are happy or miserable, whether you are old or young, if you are a woman you must look after your clothes. Even a woman advanced in years and devoid of vanity has to consider ways of dodging the outrageous fashions of the hour, no easy matter unless your dressmaker is a genius. Mrs. Troy decided that if she went to stay with Hesperia she must have a new gown; and that as her old dressmaker had done very badly for her of late she would try a new one, a Frenchwoman, whose address Mrs. Westoby had given her more than a year ago. She found Madame Raimbaud disengaged and very civil. Young Mrs. Troy, she explained, was one of her best customers. Old Mrs. Troy felt sorry to hear it. The Frenchwoman's prices were high. To be her good customer must cost a great deal more than Philip's wife had any right to spend. Of course, however, Mrs. Troy made no sign, and when she had given her own small order the dressmaker, a garrulous, untidy-looking old body, threw open some folding-doors and invited Madame to peep at the new gowns that had just been made for her daughter-in-law.

"Which one is for my daughter-in-law?" asked Mrs. Troy, with a scared face. From where she stood on the threshold of the small back room the display looked impossible—absurd. Even Hesperia, unless she had really gone out of her mind, could not have ordered all these in addition to the new finery she had worn this spring. Mrs. Troy saw a splendid dinner-gown of flowery brocade, a tea-gown with a silver shimmer over it, what Madame Raimbaud called "little gowns," as she patted them affectionately. She knew that the bill even for these would not be little. There were several chiffon blouses and some silk petticoats.

"Which one is for my daughter-in-law—which one?" repeated Mrs. Troy. She looked quite pale.

"But all," said Madame Raimbaud.

"Does Mrs. Philip Troy ever keep you waiting for your money? Will she pay for these at once?"

The woman smiled, and shrugged her shoulders reassuringly.

"This time it is all right, since the husband of the young lady came with her. Formerly I will not say. I have had to wait long—long. But with so generous a husband. And Monsieur has an eye. Oh, altogether an eye! He it was who chose this tea-gown, in which Madame looks like an angel."

Mrs. Troy stared at Madame Raimbaud. The old Frenchwoman smiled and nodded at Mrs. Troy. She felt sure now that she had said the right thing: she had praised the old lady's son, and had put on him the responsibility of his wife's extravagance.

But Mrs. Troy felt afraid and mystified. Philip in a dressmaker's parlour! Philip knowing one stuff from another, or saying a word to encourage his wife in her folly! Besides, when had these things been ordered? She was just going to ask when Madame Raimbaud spoke again.

"Madame is very tall," she said, holding up the immense length of a trained skirt; "a little taller than her husband even. But he has a very strong appearance.

When they came here together last week, I said to my daughter, 'Behold a beautiful pair.'

Every now and then our emotions take us by surprise. We may control their expression, we may dam their course, but they rise in us unasked. We find ourselves brave in the moment of danger instead of afraid, sorry at the point of victory instead of glad, choked by anger instead of by tears. When Mrs. Troy gathered that the dressmaker took Mr. Cassel for Philip she fell into a towering passion. With an abrupt word of farewell she left the house, and went straight to Kensington Square. She gave herself no time for reflection. Her wrath swept her on. She felt aching and miserable, as if someone had dealt her a physical blow, but she could not have gone inactively home. She asked for Hesperia, and was shown into the drawing-room. Mrs. Madison, she heard, had left earlier in the afternoon.

"Have you brought your trunks?" said Hesperia when she saw her mother-in-law; and her voice held no welcome.

"Did you wish me to?" said Mrs. Troy.

When you go in red-hot indignation to call your sinner to account, it is disconcerting to find him in a harmless mood and engaged in some praiseworthy occupation. Hesperia had put on an old cotton gown, and was rearranging the plants in her little conservatory. Some new ones had just arrived from the florist's, and Mrs. Troy wondered as she looked at them whether they too were a present from Mr. Cassel. On one of the walls she noticed a new water-colour. Perhaps he had paid for that as well. Where did Hesperia draw the line?

Some trace of the commotion in her mind probably found its way into her manner, for Hesperia looked up curiously, and looked down again at her plants.

"I have asked Mrs. Larches to come and stay with me," she said, "and there is only one spare room."

Mrs. Troy did not know how to begin. Her heart beat uncomfortably, so that from moment to moment she waited, silent and grim-looking. Hesperia wished she would go. She hated her depressing, disapproving presence this afternoon in the first hour of real freedom.

"Philip would not like Mrs. Larches," said Mrs. Troy.

"Well, he need not see her," said Hesperia. "He will be away another month."

"I am not sure that he will. I am going to advise him to come home at once."

"Why?"

"There are things he must know—things I feel bound to tell him—unless you promise to do so."

Hesperia looked suspiciously at her mother-in-law, and wondered what mischief her own mother's tongue had made that morning. Mrs. Madison had been very fussy and tiresome of late. Hesperia had found her in a state bordering on hysterics last Saturday when she returned from Hurlingham—after midnight. She was about to speak, but a servant came in just then, and said that Madame Raimbaud's daughter had arrived with one of Mrs. Philip Troy's gowns, and was waiting to see it put on.

"Say I will come directly," said Hesperia, inwardly blessing Madame Raimbaud's daughter. "I am afraid I shall have to go," she said sweetly to her mother-in-law. "Can you wait?"

"Let Madame Raimbaud's daughter wait," said Mrs. Troy. "I want to speak to you about these clothes. Who is going to pay for them?"

"That is the dressmaker's concern and mine, surely," said Hesperia.

"It concerns a third person, too, and that is Philip. You dress in a way he cannot possibly afford."

"My mother bought me this gown before I was married," said Hesperia, looking down demurely at her cotton skirt.

"I daresay; but I have seen you in a dozen new ones this spring. I have just come from Madame Raimbaud's parlour. She showed me a room full of clothes ready for you. Her prices are very high. It is time Philip put a stop to it."

"How can a woman of business be such a fool?" exclaimed Hesperia. "I shall never go near her again."

"Oh, don't blame her," said Mrs. Troy. "She expected to please me. She took Mr. Cassel for your husband—for my son."

Hesperia was startled into a moment's silence; but she soon recovered herself.

"How dare you gossip with a dressmaker about my affairs?" she said with violence. "How dare you believe what a creature like that says of me?"

"I have not come to answer questions but to ask them," said Mrs. Troy. "Shall I tell Madame Raimbaud to send her bill to Philip or will you?"

"I should advise you to tell her. It will make more mischief."

"The mischief is made, and not by me." When Philip gets this bill, when he hears that you have taken this man about with you, allowed him to choose your clothes—what can he say? Of course it must be stopped. It is disgraceful."

Mrs. Troy's distress was visible in her face and in her dragging, unsteady voice. She spoke without animus, but she showed complete determination.

"I will not be insulted in my own house!" cried

Hesperia. "If you don't like my doings you can keep away. I would rather have Mr. Cassel's friendship than yours. He knows that I have courage."

"You are not the first woman who has run up bills and been afraid to take them to her husband," said Mrs. Troy brusquely. "I never heard it called courage before."

"I have the courage of my affections," said Hesperia. "What is a woman to do whose husband does not satisfy her inward nature?"

"Behave herself or come to grief," said Mrs. Troy. Hesperia rose.

"If you choose to discuss me with a dressmaker I cannot help it," she said grandiosely; "but I will not mix myself in such an affair. Good afternoon."

"You had better hear what I have to propose. I want to save Philip's home if I can," said Mrs. Troy. "If you will send this man about his business I will pay your bills. I must tell Philip to come home. But the rest . . . I don't think I could tell him if I tried."

"Thank you," replied Hesperia. "I am not inclined to play the repentant sinner between you and Philip for the rest of my life. I don't repent. I have allowed myself to develop naturally and largely. I would rather be myself than you."

"Then you mean to let this man pay your dressmaker's bills?" persisted Mrs. Troy.

"I have not said so."

Mrs. Troy looked at her daughter-in-law and wondered what she could urge next. The young woman stood with her hand on the door, her face pale and defiant, her eyes full of anger.

"You know Philip will not stand it," said Mrs. Troy in a more pleading voice. "Do take thought, Hesperia. You are not free to do just as you please."

"I hold myself so."

"But you are married to a man who would think it dishonourable to take your view. He is responsible for your debts, and, in some measure, for your conduct."

"Old-fashioned folly! How can one human being be responsible for the conduct of another?"

"Philip will certainly not allow a stranger to pay for your clothes."

"If you tell Philip tales of me he shall choose between us. Either I will not stay in his house, or you shall never enter it again."

"I rather expected you to take that tone. But I doubt whether you will persuade Philip to take it."

"Then I shall leave him."

"God forbid!" cried Mrs. Troy in horror. She stumbled to her feet and went towards the door. Hesperia threw it open for her and stood back.

"Well," she said, as her mother-in-law paused, "will you let Philip alone?"

"No," said Mrs. Troy. "He must come home and he must be told."

"Why? In a few weeks he will be back as a matter of course. Mr. Cassel will have gone to America. Everything can go on smoothly if only you will not meddle."

"Do you think I could look Philip in the face if I helped you to deceive him?" asked Mrs. Troy.

(To be concluded in our Next.)

THE CHRISTMAS BIRD.

Below the stable eaves that saw
The blessed Baby laid in straw,
A little wren had built her nest.
She, honoured as the harmless beast,
Beheld the holy Birth with awe.

Sweet, sweet! she sang, and still Sweet, sweet!
O sweetest Babe from head to feet!
And sweet, sweet Mother! To and fro
She fluttered, her small heart aglow
Enraptured her with holy heat.

*O happy I! she said, who stayed
When every Jenny Wren afraid
At the first frost fled to the South.
I would I had the blackbird's mouth
To praise this Babe and Mother-Maid!*

*I would I might strip off, she said,
Gold feathers from my breast and head,
Enough to warm and shield withal
This comfortless small Babe in stall,
And would my feathers were His bed!*

Then by the manger perched that bird
With Gloria, gloria to the Lord!
Who would have thought so small a throat
Had room for such a piercing note?
The singing stars and angels heard,

Therefore they call the little wren
Ever the Blessed Mary's hen.
Therefore no boy shall cast a stone
When Jenny Wren sitting her lone
Sings how God came on earth for men.

Therefore her eggs be safe in tree
And all her merry brood go free.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



NEW MARKETS, ACCRA.



COURT-HOUSE, ACCRA.



GOLD COAST CONSTABULARY (HOUSSAS).



MARKET-PLACE, COOMASSIE.



OFFICERS' MESS-HOUSE, ACCRA.



NATIVE WOMEN, SHOWING HEAD-DRESS.



NATIVE KING WITH HIS COURT.



A PALAVER WITH NATIVES.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: SCENES ON THE GOLD COAST.

Photographs by Captain J. I. Lang, R.E.

LITERATURE.

MR. YEATSS POEMS.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

We are mistaken if Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Poems* (Fisher Unwin) will not in time come take rank among memorable books, not only for their great poetical beauty, but as the first demonstration that the spell which has so long beset Anglo-Irish poetry is not incapable of dissolution. This province of Apollo's kingdom is, in general, well described in Carlyle's character of the conversation of an Irishman of genius, "Beautifullest sheet-lightning not to be condensed into thunderbolts." Irish poetry is often redolent of genius; but the wreath of fame must be woven out of something more substantial than mere odour; and where, as in the poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson, plastic power is more apparent, "Celtic magic" is comparatively lacking. It is the glory of Mr. Yeats to have combined the two; he can not only weave spells, but spells which call up actual spirits. This is especially the case with the two wonderful dramas of the supernatural, "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," which constitute the backbone of his volume. Here, from first to last, the reader is steeped in illusion and fairy glamour; yet the personages, even when supernatural, are as natural and individual as Goethe's Mephistopheles, and the action, conducted with masterly skill, appears as credible as that of Keats's "Lamia," at which no reader of the right sort cavils while the book is in his hand. The general effect is not unlike the pieces of Maeterlinck; but whereas these mainly depend upon the situation, Mr. Yeats, with no less weirdness of conception, commands a diction worthy of any poet, while the whole is so well knit that no passage could be detached without injury. Perhaps we may best indicate their character by the observation that they seem to us such poetry as Mr. William Morris might have written if he had been born and brought up in the West of Ireland; and by a quotation from a short poem of kindred character, likewise in dialogue. Fergus has divested himself of the authority and insignia of royalty, but not of its burden, and looks from one side at the same problem which Browning's "Cleon" contemplates from the other.

Fergus. I feast amid my people on the hill,
And pace the woods, and drive my chariot wheels
In the white border of the murmuring sea;
And still I feel the curse upon my head.

Druide. What would you?

F. I would no more be a king,
But learn the dreaming wisdom that is yours.

D. Look on my thin grey hair and hollow cheeks,
And on these hands that may not lift the sword,
This body trembling like a wind-blown reed.
No maiden loves me, no man seeks my help,
Because I be not of the things I dream.

F. A wild and foolish labourer is a king,
To do and do and do, and never dream.

D. Take, if you must, this little bag of dreams;
Unloose the cord, and they will wrap you round.

F. I see my life go dripping like a stream
From change to change. I have been many things—
A green drop in the surge, a gleam of light
Upon a sword, a fir-tree on a hill,
An old slave grinding at a heavy quern,
A king sitting upon a chair of gold,
And all these things were wonderful and great;
But now I have grown nothing, being all,
And the whole world weighs down upon my heart.
Ah! Druide, Druide, how great webs of sorrow
Lay hidden in the small slate-coloured thing!

This passage, though not more perfectly than scores of others, admirably resumes the pathetic tenderness and plaintive melancholy, the mystic quietism and absorption into nature, the endowments of magical speech and seership of this Celt of the Celts, who has, to his own and his country's great advantage, been able to blend this illusive charm with the robuster qualities of the great literature of Britain. We do not say that Mr. Yeats is always equally successful in allying form to fancy. "Usheen," an early poem, we believe, has much merit, but affords an instructive contrast with the work of a consummate poetical artist like Tennyson. Mr. Yeats has in no way enhanced the original beauty of his subject, but Tennyson, working on such a story as that of Geraint, doubles the beauty he finds in it. The canvas is probably too large for Mr. Yeats's present powers of treatment: he appears to more advantage in ballads, such as "Father Gilligan," with its exquisite final stanza, and the deeply pathetic "Moll Magee" and "Ballad of the Foxhunter." The former of these has a touch of natural magic that Coleridge might have envied—

The windows and the doors were shut,
One star shone faint and green;
The little straws were turnin' round
Across the bare boreen.

When Mr. Yeats forsakes the objective, he scarcely, we think, escapes the common drawback of Irish lyrical poetry; his sentiment is beautiful, but not sufficiently concentrated to be impressive. Yet not one of his lyrics is devoid of charm, or other than the obvious work of a poet. The following is one of the most characteristic—

Autumn is over the long leaves that love us,
And over the mice in the barley sheaves;
Yellow the leaves of the rowan above us,
And yellow the wet wild strawberry leaves.

The hour of the waning of love has beset us,
And weary and worn are our sad souls now;
Let us part, ere the season of passion forget us,
With a kiss and a tear on thy drooping brow.

Most of the pieces in this volume have appeared before, but it includes, the writer says, "all he cares to preserve out of his previous volumes of verse." Mr. Yeats has set a good example by the severity of his self-criticism, which has been even carried to excess in the exclusion of "The Folk of the Air" and "The Song of the Old Mother." But he can afford to drop gems from his robe. This volume represents only one side of his literary activity; his prose is as remarkable as his verse. To judge by his thrilling and profound story "Wisdom," recently contributed to the *New Review*, his genius has never been more potent than now, and the expectation of its fruit never more promising.

A QUARTET OF FAIRY TALES.

English Fairy Tales; More English Fairy Tales; Celtic Fairy Tales; More Celtic Fairy Tales. Collected by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. (David Nutt.)—Mr. Jacobs and his publisher are well advised in bringing out a cheap edition of this delightful quartet of folk-tales. To accomplish this the heap of learned notes affixed to the original editions has been omitted. The now famous figure of the crier, with his warning that "little boys and girls must not read any further," disappears unmourned by those to whom his monition was addressed. The parents and guardians to whom it did not apply have their compensation either in the earlier issues or in that *magnum opus* which Mr. Jacobs promises, wherein the large stores of his learning will be applied in telling adults all that is yet known about the birthplace of the stories, and the wanderings and changes which have been their fate. Let it be remembered to his credit that the stories which fill these delightful books are, presumably, not "made in Germany," but drawn, so far as they are available in that form, from the British Isles. And in their scrutiny of the bookstalls for something new as Christmas gifts for the youngsters, let parents and uncles and aunts further remember that "the old is better." Hero it is in delightfulest guise, and freshened, if freshness it needs, by the skilful and interpretative pencil of Mr. Batten. What is the secret, what the charm which "age cannot wither," investing the dear old tales? Vain is the search after this; vain as pulling asunder the petals of the lovely rose to discover whence the perfume. Enough that here we have that which is secure of an audience of children so long as childhood shall gladden the aging earth. The modern romancer may boast his ten, twenty, or fifty thousand readers. All the world may rush to buy him, or to borrow him at Mudie's, but he is of an age, of a day; whereas Jack of the Beanstalk climbing to the heaven that recedes as childhood recedes; Jack the Giant-Killer slaying the ogres filling our young dreams; Cap o' Rushes, slavey of the scullery, and the chosen bride of the Prince; these, and a hundred others, are "for all time," and repeat the fate and fortune which rule in a world whose dwellers are the children in their endless procession through Wonderland. Nor is he to be envied who watches that procession unmoved.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A very remarkable Tennyson manuscript has just come into the hands of Mr. Thomas Wise, through the medium of Pearson, of Pall Mall. This is a short story in prose written when the late Poet Laureate was fourteen years of age. Readers of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" are aware that the Brontë children were in the habit of writing little stories and treasuring their juvenile efforts. Is it not an extraordinary coincidence that at the same time as these children were thus engaged in an obscure Yorkshire village another child destined to an equal fame was similarly occupied in the neighbouring county of Lincolnshire? You may see these Brontë booklets in the British Museum and in the Brontë Muséum at Haworth, with their quaint penmanship and neat brown-paper covers. Alfred Tennyson's writing is less abnormal, but here in "Mungo the American" we have the same brown-paper covers. It may be that hundreds of intelligent children are thus engrossed in the production of juvenile literature which never attains

MUNGO

THE

AMERICAN.

A Tale by Alfred Tennyson

showing how he found a sword, & after
wards how it came to the possession
of the right owner, after the space of
two years—

LONDON.

*Printed by Rees, Orme, Longman &
Hurst, Lombard-street.*FACSIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF LORD TENNYSON'S
JUVENILE WORK.

to the glory of print, but I have never seen and handled such books except those written by Charlotte and Branwell Brontë and by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

"Mungo the American" will be incorporated by Lord Tennyson in his biography of his father. The manuscript is sufficiently authenticated, as it was given by the Poet Laureate to Miss Jane Yonge, who was for many years governess in the Tennyson family.

The many friends of the late Mr. J. Dykes Campbell—and all who knew him loved that kindly and genial nature—will rejoice with the world of readers to whom he was a stranger that there is to be a memoir of him by a friendly and capable hand. In an age which is overcrowded with ponderous biographies and autobiographies, it was well that it should not spread itself into a volume, although those of us who possess Mr. Dykes Campbell's

Mungo the American

chap 1

about three leagues from the town of Panama in South America, stood the hut of Mungo. He was of a dark copper colour, and his red hair, a fantastick stature rendered him fright ful to behold. His hut stood on the bank of a glassy river, the walls of which were long stakes driven into the ground and woven with osier and the roof was of long & broad plantain leaves stuck together with clay. He was called by his neighbours "the man of the wood," on account of his morose & gloomy disposition. One day as Mungo was walking in the depth of a large wood he found a bloody sword on the ground with the letters F. S. carved deeply on the hilt stuck with surprise at an incident which though it did not start yet astounded

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF LORD TENNYSON'S
JUVENILE WORK "MUNGO THE AMERICAN."

letters know how much of the best learning of the time runs through them. Mr. Leslie Stephen is the friend to whom the brief biography of Mr. Dykes Campbell has been entrusted, and it will be accompanied by a number of essays by the biographer of Coleridge. The publishers will be Messrs. Macmillan.

Quite the best and most serviceable edition of Fitz-Gerald's "Omar Khayyám" has just been issued for American readers by Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. It contains a delightful biography of Edward FitzGerald by W. Irving Way, who has made good use of the recent literature of Omar, the Fanny Kemble Letters, Mr. Hindes Groome's "Two Suffolk Friends," and Mr. Edward Clodd's article in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. This little book should provoke an impulse on the part of Messrs. Macmillan and Mr. Aldis Wright to add Omar Khayyám to the "Golden Treasury" series. The book is essentially a volume for the pocket, and in this country there is no pocket edition.

The Johnson Club held its usual meeting in a Fleet Street tavern on Johnson's death-day, Dec. 13, and the toast of the great man was drunk in solemn silence. Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., and Mr. H. M. Stanley, M.P., were among the crowd of members present, and, indeed, the former put off his robes of office as Prior of the Club—a post which he had held for the year. The incident of the evening was the return of an old member, Mr. Henwood Thomas—a journalist attached to the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*—after six years' absence, many of which have been spent in the hospital. Mr. Thomas told with beautiful feeling of the kindness which he had received during that long tribulation from many Johnsonian friends, including Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who came to the hospital and read to him a paper which he had read to the Club on the previous evening. Mr. Birrell expressed the feeling of the Club in remarking how well the incident reflected the best traditions of the Johnson cult.

The first number of *Cosmopolis* will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on Jan. 1, and the articles will be in three languages—English, French, and German. It would seem at the first blush that enthusiasts for any one of these languages would be content with the well-known periodicals which are always to hand. At the same time there are an immense number of people who are equally at home in all three languages, and when to this is added the fact that the contributors will be the most distinguished men in each country, there should be no reason to anticipate failure for Mr. Ortman, the gifted editor. Mommsen, Spielhagen, and Sudermann are included among the German contributors, while Daudet and Zola are mentioned among the Frenchmen whose work will appear in *Cosmopolis*. The English side will not be less strong, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and Mr. Henry Norman being among the regular contributors.

During the first four months of *Cosmopolis* it will contain Robert Louis Stevenson's last story, "Weir of Hermiston," a story which will probably be pronounced by many besides Mrs. Stevenson the best that he ever wrote. The subject is a familiar one, that of a judge who condemns his own son to death. It has, indeed, been treated in our time in "The Chief Justice" by Carl Franzos, a book which was translated in Heinemann's "International Library." Stevenson, alas! never lived to describe the actual passing of sentence; and no living writer could have done this as powerfully as he; but there is a sufficiency of sensation and of that exquisite charm of style which we all associate with the great writer, and the editor may be congratulated upon having secured what was far and away the most effective work of fiction possible with which to commence his new enterprise. C. K. S.



*In days of old each Baron bold
Received from far and near
The best of sport of every sort
To give him Christmas cheer.*

CHRISTMAS LOOT.

*He found a feast in west and east,
And in the south and north :
On horse and foot with Christmas loot
His vassals would come forth.*



HOLLY, MISTLETOE, AND IVY.

*Miss Holly's cheeks are blushing red,
Like any other maid's.
Miss Mistletoe will soon have fled;
Miss Ivy never fades.
The graces of the season they,
We welcome all the three to-day.*



CHRISTMAS DAY ON A BATTLE-FIELD.



CHRISTMAS DAY IN A SIGNAL-BOX: FATHER'S DINNER.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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The best story that Mr. GEORGE GISSING has ever written is "AN INSPIRATION," illustrated by Fred Barnard.

Miss JANET ACHURCH, although best known by her association with the stage, writes a charming idyll, entitled "THE LUCKY MAN," illustrated by A. Birkenruth.

"HER PASSPORT INTO HEAVEN" is a new story by I. J. ARMSTRONG, a new writer, who here gives promise of a high place among the masters of fiction.

The stories are not, however, more attractive than the remainder of the letterpress. Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON, the famous war artist, describes his experiences in the trenches of Sebastopol during the Crimean War.

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the well-known projector of the Jackson-Harmsworth enterprise, describes "THE FITTING-OUT OF AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION."

Mr. WILFRED WEMLEY gives us a new insight into the life of the "other half" by a description of the "SEWER RAT."

"A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR" writes entertainingly about that famous order.

"The Pious Monks of St. Bernard" (Lewis Hind), "A Christmas-Tree Vendor" (Frank Smith), "That Great Painter, Ignoto" (Grant Allen), and "From Barnet and from Barnet Field" (J. D. Symon), make up a few other of the entertaining articles scattered through the number, which contains Illustrations by Herbert Railton, Fred Barnard, Chris Hammond, Leslie Brooke, C. Shepperson, Walter Wilson, Cecil Aldin, Holland Tringham, and other well-known Artists.

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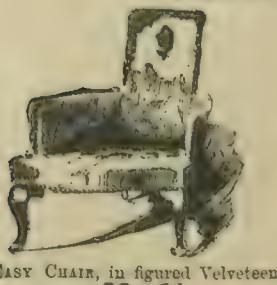
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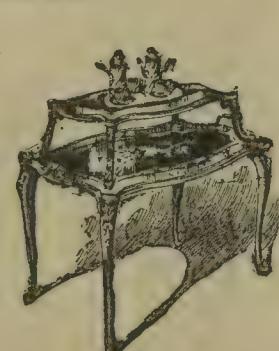
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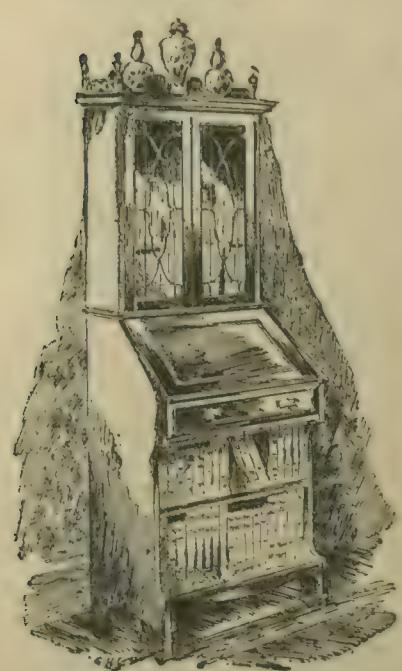
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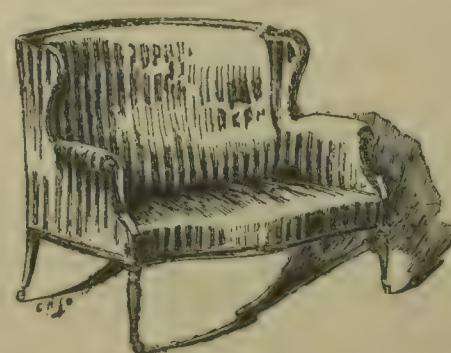
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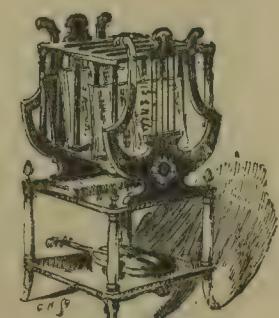
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PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.



Sing hey for the steamer afloat!
Sing ho for the rudder and oar!
For here comes a brave little boat
Abreast on the surf from the shore,

CHRISTMAS AFLOAT.

With bunches of holly galore
And mistletoe fresh from the tree.
The tempest may roar, but here is a store
Of greetings for Christmas at sea.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been perusing the special report presented to the Vestry of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, by Dr. F. J. Waldo, the medical officer of health to the Vestry, on the overcrowding at the Blackfriars Salvation Army Shelter. That this shelter was a danger, and a serious one, to the health not only of those to whom it gave a refuge, but to the surrounding district, cannot be doubted. Every sanitarian must rejoice not only that such overcrowding has been declared to be illegal, but also that the care of the physical welfare of the inmates themselves has received a by no means unimportant impetus in the direction of increased attention being paid to the plain conditions under which healthy living is alone possible. Any charitable body exercising control over waifs and strays saddles itself with a grave responsibility to start with in respect of the regulation of the hygiene of those it endeavours to help and aid. Great good will therefore attend the late prosecution for overcrowding to which I have referred; and its further lessons in respect of the necessity for a full supply of pure air as an essential condition of health will, I trust, not be overlooked by the public at large.

This fresh air problem is an intricate matter, for it is one of the most difficult tasks that can be set us to ventilate our rooms so as to get rid of foul air, and to introduce an adequate supply of fresh air without draught. An immense deal of ignorance exists on the part of the public concerning air, its composition, and the rôle it plays in our personal history. Everybody knows we require a supply of air perpetually, but everybody does not know why air is so necessary for us, what is the special element in it demanded for the performance of our vital functions, or what are the special dangers which threaten us through the inhaling of impure air, or, in other words, through rebreathing our own breath. It may be said that there are two chief sources of air-impurity. Of these, the first is *carbonic acid gas*, which represents part of that bodily wear and tear of ours, inseparable from the very act of living. The second element is the *organic matter* contributed to the air from our own lungs. This organic matter is really dead material—that is to say, it consists of once living cells and particles given off from our lungs, and may therefore be regarded as representing matter in a state of decay. Now, decomposing organic matter anywhere is always singularly liable to become a cause of disease, and there is no exception to this rule in the case of the once living particles given forth in our breath. Formerly, sanitarians were inclined to believe that it was the carbonic acid of the air which formed the impurity against which we had to contend. To-day we know it is the organic matter which is our chief enemy. Carbonic acid gas *per se* is not necessarily a hurtful element unless, of course, it is breathed by us in large amount and in concentrated form. I do not say it is desirable to breathe this gas at all, of course, but of itself it is not remarkably injurious, and if it does not exceed in quantity six parts in 10,000 of air it may be passed by without comment. But when it exceeds this quantity very largely, and above all, when this gas is associated with organic matter, the danger to health becomes vastly increased. That which killed the people in the Black Hole of Calcutta was no doubt the excess of carbonic acid, but the organic matter they were compelled to inhale did its own share of the poisoning; and the so-called "putrid fever," which subsequently carried off some of the survivors was no doubt simply a bad form of typhus fever—the old jail-fever of John Howard's days—the germs of which we know breed and multiply in overcrowded, unventilated places, filled with the half-starved, miserable waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of human life.

Dr. Waldo tells us that the chemist who acted for his Vestry found 75 parts of carbonic acid gas per 10,000 parts of air, in what is known as the "two-penny overflow bunk-room" (ominous name!) at the Blackfriars Shelter. Now, if only six parts per 10,000 are regarded as the limit of fairly pure air, what must be thought of the condition of an atmosphere which showed an excess of 69 parts of this gas, to say nothing of the organic matter which must likewise have been represented in the atmosphere of the room? On the night of July 8, Dr. Waldo tells us, the air of that apartment "was not only dangerous to health, but to life itself." The shelter, according to his estimate, was capable of accommodating 401 persons. This was the number who

could have found in it a fair breathing space. On the night of his entry Dr. Waldo found 1031 persons in the shelter. On two other occasions the numbers varied from 743 to 1045. The magistrate's decision placed the limit at 550. This number Dr. Waldo inclines to regard from plain sanitary data as excessive. There is no doubt that, having regard to the question of public safety, to say nothing of the health of the inmates of such shelters, the sooner they

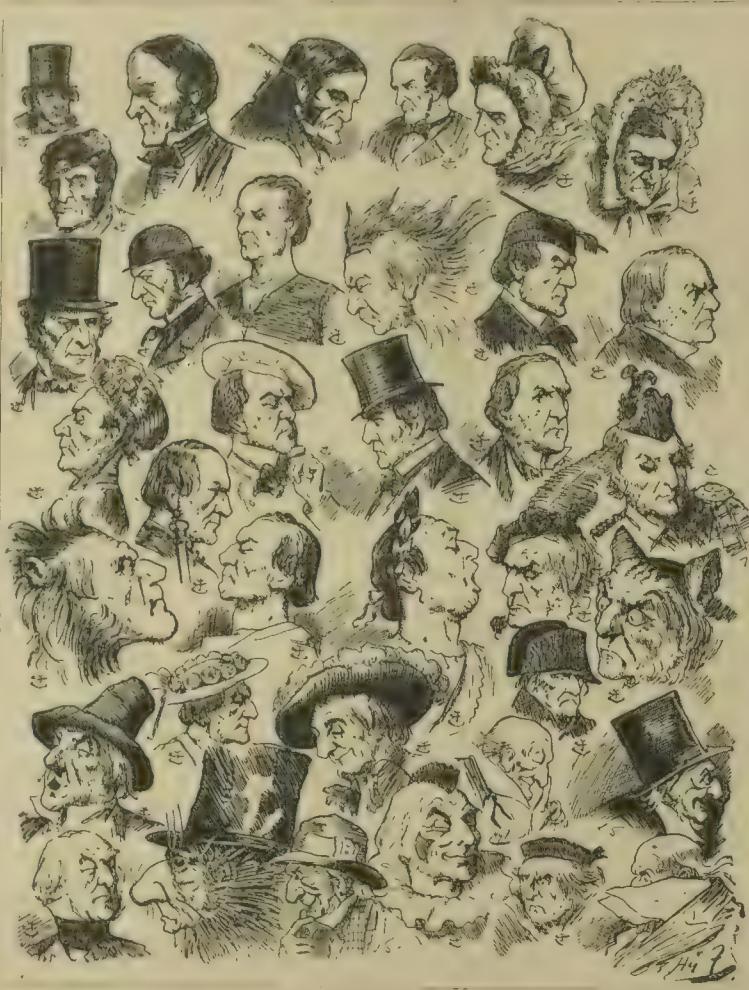
PUNCH."

The History of "Punch." By M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell and Co.)—Mr. Spielmann has performed a difficult task with great judgment. An authoritative biography of our great comic chronicler was indispensable to the political and literary history of the century. We cannot dissociate the destinies of the Empire for more than fifty years from

the commentary of Mr. Punch, and we cannot dissociate Mr. Punch from the remarkable figures in art and letters which have sat at his "Mahogany Tree." To write about humorists, past or present, is to tread a thorny path; but Mr. Spielmann is equal to all the emergencies of that enterprise. He has set at rest the long debated question as to the original editorship of *Punch*. The first idea occurred to Ebenezer Landells, the engraver, who had been struck by the success of the Paris *Charivari*. He found an able coadjutor in Henry Mayhew, whose application of the idea was even more important than the original suggestion. Mayhew, Mark Lemon, and Stirling Coyne were the editorial triumvirate who launched the new venture; and the oft-repeated assertion that Mark Lemon was sole editor from the outset is finally disproved. The early fortunes of *Punch* were depressing, and the paper was saved from premature extinction by the first *Almanac*, the credit of which has been assigned by tradition to H. P. Grattan (then in the Fleet Prison) and Henry Mayhew, who produced the whole letterpress at the appalling rate of thirty-five jokes per day per man for a week. Mr. Spielmann discredits this story, which appears to have originated, like other traditions, in the fond belief of a humorist's posterity in the comprehensiveness of his genius. One of the puzzles of *Punch* is the exceeding dullness of its early numbers. Some of the brightest wits in town were at its service; but a drearier compilation than the original prospectus, of which Mr. Spielmann gives the facsimile in Lemon's handwriting, it is impossible to conceive. The private humours of the staff often outshone their public form, and one of the drollest things in this book is the remonstrance presented to C. H. Bennett, the artist, by his colleagues on the subject of his long hair. Mr. Spielmann has written the chronicles of the *Punch* table with much appreciation. The bickerings of Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold are all the more interesting because of the picture of these formidable personages, drawn by Thackeray, who represents Jerrold and himself in a railway carriage, listening to a solemn prig's denunciation of *Punch*.

The solemn prig is still among us. Did he not gravely assure us the other day that "The Book of Snobs" was a malicious fantasy, an unfounded attack on English society? Mr. Spielmann tells many anecdotes illustrating the germination of *Punch's* ideas. We see how the cartoon is conceived every week at the dinner of the staff, how the editor invites suggestions, how the new-born idea is committed to the care of Sir John Tenniel, who endows it with artistic life. It is related of Charles Keene that, although by no means prolific of ideas, he was once the means of producing a cartoon in *Punch* which was a complete surprise to his chief. When the subject had been chosen on a certain occasion, and the editor had gone home, Keene suddenly suggested an idea so superior to the one adopted that the cartoon was changed; and when the editor opened the number, he saw a picture in every sense new to him. Mr. Spielmann's narrative is enriched by reproductions of some of the most famous pictures in *Punch*. Of these, not the least significant is the artistic compendium, so to speak, of Mr. Gladstone, represented in many phases of his career by different hands, and redrawn by Mr. Harry Furniss. Mr. Spielmann has traced the personal history of all the distinguished draughtsmen and writers who have carried on the *Punch* tradition. We give the picture of the staff at table, slightly touched, perhaps, by the sudden solemnity which comes to all men when they are about to be photographed. Mr. Burnand looks like a Spanish hidalgo who would regard a jest as an outrage; Mr. Lucy rather resembles a German professor of chemistry; and Sir John Tenniel might be taken for an Indian Viceroy who has had to quell an insurrection. There is a suggestion of a last will and testament about the head of Mr.

Bernard Partridge; and Mr. E. T. Reed alone preserves the pictorial spirit of the company. There are absentes from this gathering—Mr. E. J. Milliken, and Mr. Phil May, the latest of the brilliant recruits among the draughtsmen. To these and others Mr. Spielmann pays judicious tributes; for it is not the smallest merit of his volume that he has avoided all exaggeration, and has spiced his story with a vein of sound criticism.



MR. GLADSTONE IN "PUNCH."
By J. Leech, J. Tenniel, L. Sambourne, and H. Furniss.—Redrawn by Harry Furniss.

are brought under the control of the Common Lodging-House Acts the better for all concerned.

Sympathising as we must all do with the spirit which leads any organisation to offer a shelter to the homeless, and to provide in some degree for those who cannot help themselves, there remains, nevertheless, the plain duty of public authorities in assuring themselves that institutions of the kind referred to should not be allowed to menace health at large. We look back on the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta with compassion, and read the tale of suffocation on board the *Londonderry* through its closed hatches with a thrill of sorrow. These events seem to be so far away from us now that the trials and troubles of our predecessors, it is assumed, cannot be represented in



THE STAFF OF "PUNCH" AT TABLE, 1895.
From a Flash-light Photograph expressly taken by Van der Weyde.

our own era. But the story of the Blackfriars Shelter, albeit happily no fatalities can be chronicled regarding it, is a tale of insanitary horrors all the same. The lesson we may learn from the insanitary conditions of that shelter is that we should endeavour to avoid the air-imperfections which, even in a minor degree, represented in our own homes, are calculated to weaken and enfeeble us all round.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

NINTH LETTER.

FROM HANNAN'S TO THE GREAT FINGALL
AND MOUNT MARGARET.

Three days out from Hannan's we arrived at Kurnalpic, a little mining township, now almost deserted, though not more than nine or ten months ago there were some two thousand men working on its alluvial fields, which were perhaps the richest discovered in the colony. With the "playing out," however, of the "alluvial," the big camp gradually dispersed, till now, with the exception of a few parties prospecting for reefs, there is scarcely any population to speak of, and the place presents a very desolate appearance.

Whether Kurnalpic will ever regain its old prestige will now depend on the results of the prospecting work which is being done. Geologists have been so completely at sea in their theories with regard to the mineral conditions of Western Australia—as is proved by the present unprecedented state of affairs all over the fields, and also in their assumption that a rich alluvial field means an impoverished reef, which has been distinctly negatived by the rich low-level finds at Hannan's—that it is possible that Kurnalpic may again have its day, though certainly at the time of our visit things were not "booming" there.

Before starting the next morning we stopped at the "store" to buy some bread and to give the camels another drink—this time at sixpence per gallon—Scott having some idea of his own that it was necessary to water them every day if possible (so long, of course, as he had not to pay for it); another wearisome delay therefore ensued. We at last got away and managed to do some eight miles by midday. The track now lay through richly mineralised country, the ground in places

for miles around being so thickly covered with fine ironstone that it looked almost as though caviare had been spread over it; to this curious appearance succeeded a zone, as it were, of ironstone and white quartz intermingled, presenting a sort of peppered appearance; then small blocks of quartz alone, after which flowers reappeared; while Mulgar scrub grew everywhere—in fact so closely that the track in places could scarcely be seen for more than fifty yards ahead. We halted for lunch in a pleasant, open patch, where the tall bushes afforded some slight protection against the intense heat of the sun's rays. Just as we were making ourselves comfortable we discovered, to our annoyance, that, although Scott had purchased sufficient bread to last us till we reached the next camp, he had somehow managed to leave it behind. So here we were in a pretty fix.

We should not reach Edjudina for at least three days, and we had barely a loaf left. After some discussion we decided that it would make too much delay to send the boy back to fetch it, as it would mean waiting the whole afternoon;

so we made up our minds to chance getting a little flour at the first condenser we came to, and meanwhile to try and eat our tinned meat without the "staff of life," and to make up for its absence by a liberal diet of preserved plum-pudding, of which delicacy we had, fortunately, a good store.

It is curious how easily, under difficulties, one can accustom oneself to unpleasant conditions. For my own part, I should never have imagined, till that occasion forced me to try it, that it was possible to eat and relish cold plum-pudding as a substitute for bread, with, say, a tin of spiced beef or haricot mutton. Still, as the bushman remarked as he ate his potatoes with the skins on, "It all helps to fill up," and one soon got used to it. That afternoon was amongst the longest and most wearisome we spent—a heavy, sandy, thickly wooded country, God-forsaken-looking in the extreme, so much so that we wondered what inducement even gold could have offered to tempt man to explore such awful solitude, where the very trees seemed to be sighing and moaning, and not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere. The ground was so barren that we had to travel a little late in the evening before we reached any feed for the camels, and it was quite dark when we halted.

The boy started off next morning with the pack camels through the bush, in order to make a short cut and join us further on, which he did a couple of hours later. It is little short of wonderful how men accustomed to the bush find their way through it. From point to point they go with an accuracy which is positively astounding; without compass, and often without even water or food, they will unhesitatingly plunge into the trackless wilderness and make a bee-line for the place they are bound for. How they do it they cannot themselves explain, as they own. It is, doubtless, a sort of instinct which can only be possessed by a man who has had long experience of the country, and who is not easily overcome by his nerves; for once off the track and in among the trees or scrub the slightest hesitation or doubt in his power to get through would be fatal: it is then indeed a case of "he who hesitates is lost." It often

happens, though, that men who fancy they have gained the necessary experience have ventured to go out into the bush to track their camels or make for another camp, perhaps close by, and are never heard of again till perchance some day long after their bleached bones are discovered, and thus reveal the awful fate of the unfortunate fellows. Their clothes, as a rule, are scattered in a big circle for some distance around, it being a curious fact that the madness which their dreadful position creates appears to force them at once to discard their garments. People who have been fortunate enough to be found alive after being "bushed" for only a short time have invariably been in a state of complete nudity. I had a long chat with a man who had spent many years in the bush, and his words of advice were continually ringing in my ears while on this expedition: "Never under any circumstances venture into the bush out of sight of your camp unless accompanied by an experienced bushman. So long as you remember this caution," he added, "you have nothing whatever to fear on your journey; there are no wild animals or, in fact, anything to harm you—the only thing to constantly go in fear of is the bush itself."

It may therefore be imagined how restricted was the area around the camp in which it was possible to circulate without running any risk of getting "bushed"; and, in consequence, how still more dreary appeared the surroundings, which had almost the effect at times, when the scrub was very dense, of imprisoning one. There appears to be quite a method in tracking anything through the bush, and the aborigines out here are wonderfully expert at it. In the event of anyone being lost, or of a prisoner escaping, these are immediately put to work, and it is very seldom indeed that they lose their quarry, though of course it does not follow that they find it at once. It takes some time to pick up the starting tracks, after which the rest is comparatively easy.

At a "lake" we reached two days after the bread

Mr. Frampton. On hearing of our accident Mr. Mackinnon expressed his regret at having no blacksmith at the moment on the mine, but courteously offered to help us out of our difficulty if he possibly could. After some deliberation it was decided that it would be impossible to proceed further north with the buggy in its broken condition, so I determined to proceed with the camels only and to leave the vehicle at the mine, to be returned to Hannan's by the first team going down. As the manager furthermore courteously offered to lend me his riding-saddle for my own camel, our difficulties for the moment appeared to be at an end.

After a pleasant lunch and a chat we had a stroll round the mine, which although at the time of our visit in a somewhat undeveloped state, promised soon to be a very rich property. Difficulties and expense of transport have hitherto considerably retarded its progress, but with the lowering of freight charges this backward condition would, I learnt, soon be overcome, and already a great portion of the machinery had arrived. Plenty of fuel and condensing water is obtainable, and everything appears to point to a very successful issue.

The quartz composing the reef was remarkable as presenting totally different features from any we had seen elsewhere, being of a dark mottled-blue colour, instead of the dead white we had noticed at Coolgardie. The formation of the reef in one part of the property was also peculiar, presenting a succession of ellipses, which, when stacked on the dump round the shaft, looked like a lot of big fossilised broad beans. It was a Sunday afternoon, and a cricket match was in progress among the miners in a clearing of the bush close by. Of course there was no grass, such vegetation being unknown in these parts, and the ground was several inches deep in fine dust, which rose in clouds at every movement of the players. The crease was covered with a long strip of coconut-fibre matting, otherwise batting would have been an impossibility. The rough costumes of the men, and, in fact, the whole scene, were most incongruous and amusing. We dined with our two genial hosts, and, after a very pleasant chat round the "camp fire," turned in in a comfortable tent which they insisted on placing at our disposal.

Having decided to proceed with camels only necessitated our completely overhauling all our baggage and repacking it in such a manner as to distribute the loads equally. This operation naturally involved much delay; it was therefore late before we made a start the following morning. We had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that, unencumbered by the buggy, we should be able to leave the beaten track and strike right across the bush, so saving time considerably.

With hearty good wishes from our two new friends, we at last got away; and our now reduced caravan, presenting a much more natural appearance, once more wended its way northward. The distance from the Great Fingall to Mount Margaret as the crow flies is about ninety miles; but it is considerably more by road. Immediately after leaving the mine the black boy, who rode at the head of

the procession, steered a course right through the bush, and in a short time we were away from all tracks, and forcing our passage through the dense undergrowth, which at times was so thick as to make it difficult for the camels to go through. The scene around us was one of utter desolation and solitude, and indescribably weird and impressive. Not a sign of life of any sort was anywhere visible, the oppressive silence being only broken by the occasional tinkling of our camels' bells, or the snapping of a bough. Dead trees seemed to predominate in this part of the wilderness, their white, dried-up trunks and boughs standing out like so many skeletons in strange uncanny relief against the sky. This dead appearance struck me as being one of the chief characteristics of the bush wherever we went.

The entire absence of anything in the way of sport made the days pass very slowly, for one could not be always reading. We had brought our guns with us, but never had any occasion even to take them out of their cases; as a matter of fact during the whole time we were in the bush we only saw six living creatures—a wild turkey (in the far distance), two hawks, and three crows. The black boy declared he saw a dingo one day, but we were very much inclined to believe it was only an ordinary dog, for it went away very leisurely and showed no signs of fear. The stillness of the surroundings was occasionally broken by the monotonous noise of the "bell-bird," which sounds not unlike the tinkling of a camel's bell; while one also would hear in places the curious whistle of another bird, which reminded one of the commencement of an operatic air played on a piccolo. Beyond these and an occasional centipede round the fire at night we saw or heard no signs of life the whole of the three weeks we were crossing the bush. Even the very aborigines appeared to have deserted these regions; and although we had been told no end of stories of the risks we were about to run, when away up north, and the necessity therefore of always carrying a revolver, had it not been for seeing occasionally traces of their huts, the very existence of natives in these wilds might reasonably have been doubted.



ON THE ROAD TO MOUNT MARGARET.

OXFORD IN FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Somebody in *Blackwood's Magazine* writes about "Oxford in Fiction." There are no really good novels of Oxford life; perhaps it is not good material for a novelist. "The truest pictures," according to the critic (who may, of course, be a lady), "are in 'Robert Elsmere.'" But, however excellent, the pictures in that romance are pictures of Dons, and who cares about Dons! In novels about the men, there is usually the fault of the usher in "Vico Versà," with his reminiscences of "dear old friends of mine, pretty well known for general rowdiness." The usher has been the mildest youth, yet prattles he of knocking down Proctors and their bulldogs. People who do such things don't write about them; people who write about them never did them. The author of "Guy Livingstone," indeed, has a hero, if you please, but Oxford has no great place in his romances. Probably the best description of University life is not to be found in "Robert Elsmere," but in "Pendennis." After that, really our old friend, "Mr. Verdant Green," written by a non-University man, is the most entertaining, and, allowing for burlesque, the least untrue. Charles Larkins, and Four-in-Hand Fosbrooke, and my beloved Mr. Bouncer, and Mr. Verdant Green fainting from fatigue (as three in his torpid), and kneeling to the Proctor, and flirting over his gig-lamps with the young glove-selling virgin at Woodstock, and hearing a row in his timber-yard, and being spilt out of the dog-cart—never may I forget these old friends and scenes of infancy! "Verdant Green" is gay; "Robert Elsmere" is not invariably gay; and we need Mr. Bouncer's drum and his wig, and Huz, his first-born, and Buz, his brother, and the dodges for

"boshing" examiners, and the scheme for letters to the mater—we need all these things in an Oxford novel, quite as much as we need seriousness. It is cultivated to sneer at Mr. Verdant Green: I care not; he gave me many a merry hour, and left me many a merry and innocent memory. *Gaudemus igitur*, whether we be *juvenes* or *senes*: a row in one's timber-yard is quite as actual as many an old philosophy.

The writer in *Blackwood's* (oh, he can't be a lady, after all!) thinks Mr. Bouncer nearly as good as Mr. Harry Foker. That is a length to which I cannot go: I am not Mr. Matthew Arnold, who thought that Thackeray was "not a great writer." Mr. Bouncer, as he might remark, is not up to Harry Foker's weight; though would that these amiable and endearing lads could have met at a cock-fight, say, or at a badger-bait. There are deeps in

Mr. Foker's affable and friendly character which Mr. Bouncer could not plumb; there are chords to which Mr. Bouncer is irresponsive. I doubt if Miss Blanche Amory could have put the *comether* over Mr. Bouncer. Still, my heart is with Mr. Bouncer at the Tavern, which reminds me that when, as an undergraduate, I told the Master of Balliol something about a man at the Tavern, he pretended not to know what I meant. Mr. Anstey should write a Cambridge novel; and Mr. Payn has done a great deal for "the other shop," as Mr. James Crawley called it.

Dean Farrar's "Julian Home" I never read. His "Eric; or, Little by Little," was a great deal too much for me. The young men of "Julian Home," I read in *Blackwood*,

I caught a novelist in the very act of putting the odious soul of Brown into a highly flattered portrait, an incredibly idealised portrait, of my own vile body. This act of black magic (if really contemplated) was forborne, and the world was not treated to the mixture.

The *Blackwood* author will pardon me for asking why he neglects one of the oldest and most curious descriptions of Oxford in romance—written, too, by an early pillar of *Blackwood*, "the Scorpion who delighteth to sting the faces of men." I mean, of course, "Reginald Dalton," by John Gibson Lockhart. It is not a good novel, though it has some excellent passages; but it contains an account of a drive from Cumberland to Oxford, through all merry

England. We see the "mighty English plain" from the hill of Haynam, "that spot where Prince Charles, according to the local tradition, stood below a sycamore, and, gazing with a fervour of admiration which even rising despair could not check, uttered the pathetic exclamation, 'Alas, this is England!'" Thence the mail-coach drives into a better Oxford than ours, "everything wearing the aspect of a grave, peaceful stateliness—hoary towers, antique battlements, airy porticos, majestic colonnades." They arrive in the middle of a town-and-gown row, an extinct entertainment, and they taste delight of battle with their peers. In these old times a man went up with no notice given, and was at once put on the books of a college, which, if it was Lockhart's own, was Balliol. This is also impossible to-day. The Dons eat and drink enormously; Lockhart made a caricature of them, thus engaged, in wigs and cap and gown. Oh, ascetic dinners of modern Balliol, how Lockhart would have lamented you! As for the men, they swim in port, they feed like Gargantua on brawn and oysters and Oxford sausages, still working away



"Three little maids who, all unwary, | Come from a ladies' seminary | Freed from its genius tutelary."

REVIVAL OF "THE MIKADO" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

PITTI-SING (MISS JESSIE BOND), YUM-YUM (MISS FLORENCE PERRY), AND PEEP-BO (MISS EMMIE OWEN).

might have come out of Nero's Court, and they hocus their friends with laudanum, and draw knives, and have a rare time, so the reviewer declares. "Tom Brown at Oxford" has too many petticoats in it, but the Boat Race is what you can recommend to a friend. Filthy Lucre comes in, it seems. I had forgotten him—he was a fine high-flavoured character. The reviewer has never met a College tutor "of a pale, clear complexion and jet-black hair," like Mrs. Ward's dilettante Don, Mr. Langham. He existed, for all that, in the outer man, but inwardly was as like Mr. Langham as he was like Alaric or Attila. That is the worst of fiction. If you take Brown's body and put your idea of Smith's soul into it, you make a monster. Of course, I do not mean that either the body or the soul of Mr. Langham was drawn from the quick, far from it; but I once fancied that

at the port. They end by blowing "a sufficient quantity of assafoetida smoke through the keyhole of an obnoxious tutor's apartments, and piling a cartload of coals or two against the gates of the College chapel." The hero, of course, revels and drinks deep, and hunts and gets into debt, and becomes a servitor, and, finally, fights a duel (with more than sufficient provocation) and hits his man. Then his father, a clergyman, has to be told of it—a matter which Scott found so difficult in the case of Mr. Christie's clerical father, not long afterwards. Probably duels were always very rare at Oxford. I never heard or read of one, though at St. Andrews a duel very nearly came off in the last century. Lockhart's account of Oxford is rather exaggerated, no doubt; but he was not among the authors who write of fights and feasts in which he never bore a part.



*The echoes of the cornet fall
Upon the chilly night;
The blower's shadow on the wall
In flickering candle light.*

AN INTERRUPTED REHEARSAL.

*The clarinet is loud and shrill,
The players practise with a will,
And thus the sleepless landlord rates
The starving pair of Christmas waifs.*

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

How can any woman worthy of the name resist the temptation of idling? This is the question I have been asking myself for the last ten minutes. My blotter lies open with its unstained sheet of paper staring me in the face, the pen offers itself persuasively to be dipped in the ink-bottle, whose lid is open to attract me to the uses of its contents, and the serpent in the Eden of my industry is my bicycle glittering in the sunlight, which is positively flooding Hyde Park, and inviting the wheelers to up and away. And, after all, why should I not go into Hyde Park and detail the various idiosyncrasies of the various bicyclists who do find their daily way there? It was only yesterday I saw them; maybe the memory of their weaknesses will come back to me, so that I may get to work seriously at once, and then get to play as seriously. It would be a great pity to leave all unhonoured and unsung the terrible effect produced by a very stout woman on a very slimly built bicycle, clad in a dark grey coat and skirt, the coat boasting voluminous sleeves and displaying a blouse of pine-patterned silk, tied round the neck with a vivid red bow, the whole costume crowned with a white felt hat of the Alpine shape, trimmed with black ribbons and cocks' feathers. Oh, why do women do such things? Why don't they realise that when they ride on a bicycle a neat trimness should mark their costume; that the linen cuffs and collar should be allowed to appear at the wrists and neck; that the small hat, either of felt trimmed with a quill, or the Tam-o'-Shanter of cloth to match the dress, which lends itself to the enlivenment of a bunch of flowers and a bunch of quills, ought to be regarded as the only possible head-gear? Two girls yesterday looked almost nice in mulberry-hued cloth, with plain white cloth waist-coats fastening with little moss buttons right the way up the front, but their white felt hats were over-trimmed. Perfection might have marked their garb for its own had they but had their coat-sleeves guileless of any fullness, and small white felt hats with brims turned up right the way round with black decked with a simple ribbon and a black quill. One remarkably attractive dress, faultless in its detail, did I meet, made in black, the coat perfectly tight-fitting and double-breasted, faced with black silk, displaying a cravat-like vest of grebo. This was crowned with a black cloth Tam-o'-Shanter hat with a bunch of white gardenias at one side and three erect black quills. White knitted woollen gloves added just the correct finishing touch to the costume of a woman who evidently understood the art of bicycling as well as she did the art of costume. This was the exception to the rule which proclaimed aloud the fact that although we have taken to this exercise with so much avidity, we have not yet mastered its sartorial exigencies. But at least we may lay the flatteringunction to our souls that, despite our voluminous sleeves, our inappropriate waistcoats and elaborate neck-bows, we contrive to look nicer than the Parisians, who have elected to follow this fashion in "too too obvious" knickerbockers and golf jerseys. By the way, the golf jersey, if worn as a waist-coat, is worthy of the respect of the bicyclist, for it is so extremely warm. Personally, I am planning a costume of black cloth, which shall be worn with a white knitted woollen golf jersey, finished round the throat with one of the new stocks of white moiré passed right round the neck, to tie in a bow in the front, and permitted at the waist to

sound about the expression "black silk," but, of course, it may be interpreted satin or brocade, according to the individual fancy) trimmed with bands of cream-coloured lace caught at the waist with a black satin band buttoned with diamonds. Just at the neck the lace should be set transparently, and the sleeves could either terminate at



A WALKING DRESS.

the elbow or continue down to the wrist. These sleeves might be made of black chiffon set into tucks, between each stripe of lace, and then the lower portion from the wrist to the elbow would look well if rucked and left transparent. Such a dress would grace a matron of almost any age, and the cream-coloured lace might be rendered more attractive—and more expensive—by the addition of jet sequins, or those tiny little diamonds interspersed with jet sequins, which are among the "newest novelties" this year. In parenthesis I may mention that there are very few novelties which are new. But, alas! as I write it I realise that I am not the originator of the observation that there is nothing new under the sun. A capital walking-costume is represented by that other picture, and this may be made of face cloth of any colour, with the braiding of black and gold cords, the fur down the centre of the front to be of sable, ever and always the queen of furs, and the "queen of my heart."

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

German women have a heavy struggle against the "superior sex" traditions. It is strange enough that it should be so, for Germans are manly men as a whole, and it is precisely the men who are the strongest in mind and body who are most prepared to bear, if they do not even encourage, feminine competition in all ways. But in Germany the men, so sure of their superiority, are very anxious not to put it to the test. Universities are only just being opened to women at all, and even now the Professors all have, and a great many of them are exercising, the right to refuse to admit women. The leading Professor of History in Berlin the other day created a sensation by stopping in the midst of his lecture because he perceived a lady there; and, not content with ordering her to leave, he descended from the platform and turned her out with his own hands. The German women's laws are in such a condition that a meeting was called in Berlin recently for the express purpose of organising to "obtain the same laws and privileges that are enjoyed by women in England." Their general status may be judged from the fact that

full-grown women and lads under age are alike forbidden to join associations for a political purpose, or even to attend meetings on political subjects! The attack that the German Government is just making on the Socialist party is being largely directed at this point; the Socialist organisations have been prosecuted and broken up on the mere ground that women have been allowed to become members and attend the meetings.

It is interesting to know that the young Empress of Russia has resolved to "nurse" her own baby daughter.

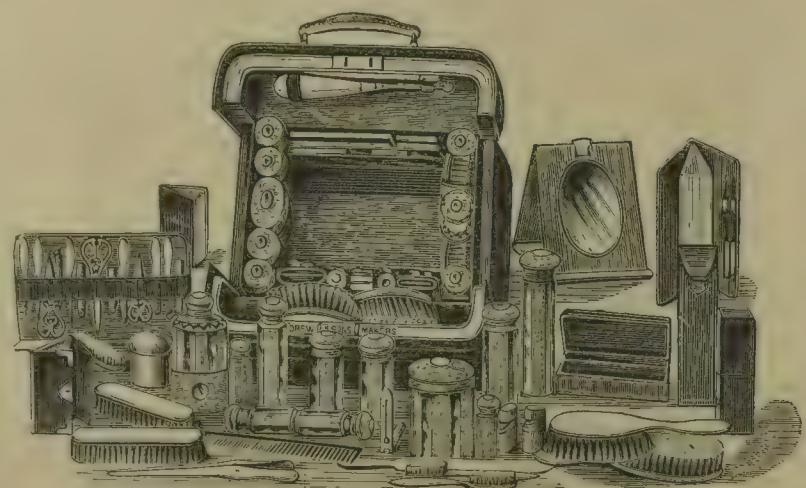
That the Duchess of York did not do this for "her first" we know from the fact that soon after her baby's birth she went away from him to Switzerland for a month to recruit her health. Applause follows the performance of this maternal duty, and justly so, for it is a confining and often a painful one; but young mothers should not be over-distressed if they are unable to perform it. An authority on infant management has gone so far as to say that it is actually better for a child to be brought up "by hand," as in that case it has much less liability to the weaknesses of the maternal constitution. This is, perhaps, an exaggeration on the opposite side to the usual one. But there is no doubt that it is possible, by the exercise of care and the attainment of simple knowledge of how to prepare foods and so on, to rear a child in perfect health by artificial foods; and it is probably better for it to be so brought up than to be "nursed" by a nervous mother, on whose constitution the strain is so great that she is always feeling unwell and irritable, or who suffers so much pain that her entire organisation is upset after bearing it for a few weeks.

Writers of to-day are lucky in the improved condition of their "material." Cheap and abundant paper and good ink are now helped by the existence of a genuine workable "fountain" pen—that is to say, if testimony of the highest class is to be trusted. To anybody who writes much, an ideal Christmas or New Year's present should be one of Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard's "Swan" Fountain Pens. These are all provided with gold nibs—real nibs, not points—so that the lowest price is ten and sixpence, and thence runs up, according to whether solid silver, rolled gold, solid gold, and so on, be used for extra fine holders. The pen and the "fountain" arrangement for supplying ink without dipping in an inkstand is the same in all, and when it is added that the testimonials to the practical value of the "Mabie, Todd, and Bard" are from such persons as the Queen of Roumania, the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lady Henry Somerset, and Mr. Hall Caine, it must be supposed that the excellence and usefulness of these pens are undoubted. Writing lying down is practicable with them, and they are recommended for curing "writer's cramp" because of the pliability of the gold nib.

Messrs. Atkinson, of 24, Old Bond Street, the well-known perfumers, whose "White Rose" and other perfumes every lady loves, have a great display of satin handkerchief sachets for Christmas; some of the more costly are hand-painted by an R.A., and there are many dainty ones cheaper.

If a really utilitarian gift is desired, get one of the handsome boxes the "Scrubbs' Cloudy Household Ammonia" people have issued, each containing four bottles of ammonia and half-a-dozen cakes of their very good and pure toilet soap. The ammonia is the "best thing out" for softening the toilet-jug water for washing, and is refreshing added to the bath; and it is a capital household cleanser too, for many uses.

Messrs. Drew and Co., of Piccadilly Circus, have acquired so great and unchallenged a reputation for their travelling-bags and other leather goods that they are dealt with by the aristocracy of the whole of Europe and the wealthy of America. They make all their own leather goods in England; and English leather, though not so cheap as much foreign stuff, is of unsurpassed excellence in wear. They have now ready (amongst many more ordinary gifts—purses, handbags, and so on) two "Christmas presents" of extraordinary splendour. One is a dressing-bag for an Austrian Princess, and another a similar article for the wife of a Transatlantic millionaire. The former is in natural polished crocodile-skin, and the fittings are in solid silver and ivory. There is everything that such a bag should have, amongst other things, a novel and delightful travelling candle-lamp, which shuts up "to nothing," so to speak, and opens out either to stand firmly on a table or to hang up. Manicure implements and a neat and novel little matchbox are also included. The "Millionairess's" bag, however, surpasses that of the Princess; her bag is of long-grained morocco, green, and lined with green corded silk; and her fittings



DRESSING-BAG, WITH GOLD FITTINGS.



A BLACK SILK.

overhang a belt of white kid, a detail, however, which will be almost invariably concealed. White woollen gloves shall be worn with this, and the hat shall be a white cloth Tam-o'-Shanter, trimmed with a black velvet chou and an upright bunch of mistletoe.

But I must away from all thoughts of bicycling, and seriously contemplate those two pictures which my artist has amiably supplied me with this week. The one represents a dress of black silk (there is a nice old-fashioned

are perfectly charming, the brush-backs, etc., being of real tortoiseshell, with 18-carat gold monograms, stoppers, and other accessories. This is indeed a desirable possession. Messrs. Drew sell at this time of year a great number of their well-known "en route tea-baskets"; few people set off to the Riviera without providing themselves with one of these useful travelling companions—useful, too, on arrival, for foreigners have no idea how to make a good cup of tea; and each basket contains kettle, spirit-lamp, unbreakable plates, cups and saucers, biscuit-tin, butter-dish, and everything needful for "fif-o'-cloquer."

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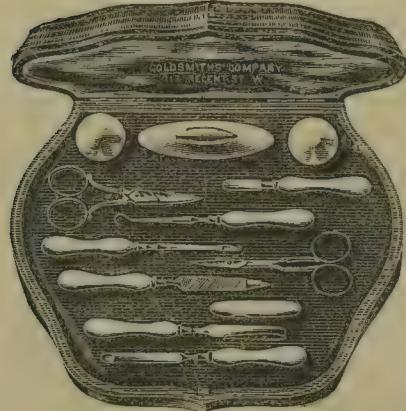
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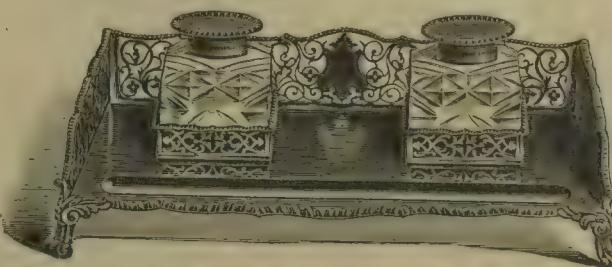
Six Solid Silver Rustic Pattern Tea-Spoons and Tongs, in best Morocco Case, £2 5s.



New Elegantly Chased and Pierced Solid Silver Vase, with Glass Lining, in four sizes, 18s. 6d., £1 5s., £1 10s., £2 5s.

**XMAS
PRESENTS**

Fine Quality Nickel Lever Carriage-Watch, in Leather Case, with richly Chased and Pierced Silver Mounts, £3 15s. The same Watch, in plain Leather Case, £2 10s. The same Watch, in Pigskin or Patent Leather Reinholder Case, £3.



Richly Pierced Solid Silver Two-Bottle Inkstand, from £8 15s. to £19 10s.

**XMAS
PRESENTS**



Bijou Lamp. Best Electro-Plated. Complete, £1 15s. Solid Silver, £5.



Elegantly Chased Solid Silver Cabinet-Frame, £1 15s. Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 5, 1895) of Mr. Charles Fish, of 13, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, has been proved by Mrs. Jessy Kendal, the daughter, and Mr. Percy R. T. Toynbee, two of the executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £258,650. The testator gives to the said Percy R. T. Toynbee £200 conditionally upon his accepting the executorship; his leasehold houses, 42, Wilton Crescent, Belgravia; 113, St. George's Square, Pimlico (with the stabling); 42, Gloucester Square, Paddington; 19 and 21, Sussex Gardens, Paddington; 4, Devonshire Street, Portland Place; 82, Claverton Street, Pimlico; and 76, Eaton Square, to his daughter, Jessy Kendal, absolutely; his leasehold houses 43, 45, 51, and 53, Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale, to George Prestige, absolutely; and his leasehold house 37, Churton Street, Pimlico, to his wife's niece, Ada Cooper. After bequeathing legacies of £500 each to three of his sisters, and giving other pecuniary and specific legacies and bequests in favour of friends, domestic servants, and others, the testator directs his trustees to hold the residue of his real and personal estate as to two fourth shares, upon trust, for his wife absolutely, and as to the remaining two fourth shares, upon trust, for his wife, for her life or widowhood. After her death or second marriage he leaves one of such fourth shares, upon trust, for his daughter, Jessy Kendal, for life, with remainder to her children as she shall appoint, and in default of issue, upon trust for the testator's brothers and sisters in equal shares; and the remaining one fourth share, upon similar trusts (after the death of the last surviving tenant for life), in favour of the testator's brothers and sisters.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1885), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1895), of Mr. William Dobson, of Oakwood, in the parish of Bathwick, Somersetshire, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Nov. 30 by Mrs. Elizabeth Dobson, the widow, Hugh Verner Dobson, the son, and Benjamin Alfred Dobson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £142,235. The testator gives £5000 and all his jewellery, plate, wines, and consumable stores, horses, carriages, and outdoor effects, his flat or residence, 26, Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £2000 to his wife; his residence, Oakwood, with the furniture and effects, and the stables and pleasure-grounds, to his wife for life, and then to his son, Hugh Verner; all his lands, hereditaments, and real estate in the counties of Lancaster and Cumberland, to his said son; £5000 to his daughter, Lætitia Cecile Birch, and he states that he settled £25,000 upon her on her marriage; and £300 to his cousin and executor, Mr. B. A. Dobson. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety to his son absolutely, and the other moiety upon trust for his daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1886), with a codicil (dated Dec. 30, 1887), of Mr. Henry Bertie Watkin Williams-Wynn, D.L., J.P., of Howbery Park, Oxfordshire, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Dec. 10 by Stanley Leighton and Samuel Richard Brewis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £94,886. The testator

gives £1350 per annum, his town residence, 23, Chesham Place, and all his plate to his wife, Mrs. Marion Williams-Wynn, for life; and all his household furniture, books, pictures, wines, consumable stores, goods, chattels, and effects, horses and carriages at 23, Chesham Place, and also such articles of a like nature, not being heirlooms, as she may desire to have at Howbery Park to her absolutely. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his four daughters, Frances Caroline Brewis, Jessie Marie Leighton, Henrietta Katharine Lætitia Rodney, and Bertha Marion Godman, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1894) of Mr. Basil Thomas Woodd, J.P., D.L., M.P., Knaresborough, 1852-68 and 1874-80, of Conyngham Hall, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, who died on June 4 at Hampstead, was proved on Dec. 4 by Basil Robert Woodd, the nephew, and William Sheepshanks, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £61,881. The testator states that he had covenanted to pay at his death £5000 each to the trustees of the settlements of four of his children, and he now confirms same. He bequeaths £2000 to his daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Jane Mitton; £2000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ann Downing Woodd, for life; and at the death of his said daughter-in-law £1000 each to his grandsons, Basil Aubrey Holland Woodd and Evelyn Anthony Woodd; £1000 to the Harrogate Bath Hospital, and £500 each to the Harrogate Cottage Hospital, the vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Knaresborough for the establishment of a cottage hospital, the Ripon Diocesan Societies, and the Ripon Diocesan Victoria Society. There are also numerous specific bequests to children, grandchildren, and others, including all his live and dead stock, to his grandson Basil Aubrey Holland Woodd, and other legacies. He appoints a sum of £10,000 to be raised out of the settled estates to his daughters Frances Louisa Woodd and Katharine Isabella Woodd, and confirms an appointment to them of the trust funds, amounting to about £10,000, of his marriage settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said daughters, Frances Louisa and Katharine Isabella.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1894) of Mr. Alexander Mackay, J.P., of The Grange, Trowbridge, Wilts, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Dec. 2 by Mrs. Lucy Mackay, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £47,681. The testator leaves the whole of his property, real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1895) of Mr. Arthur Riversdale Grenfell, J.P., of Butlers Court, Beaconsfield, Bucks, and 4, Savile Row, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 7 by Sir Francis Wallace Grenfell, K.C.B., the brother, and Arthur Morton Grenfell, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,847. The testator wishes to be buried in Beaconsfield Churchyard, in a poor man's grave and with a poor man's funeral. He bequeaths £100 to the Rector of Beaconsfield to be devoted at his absolute discretion to the purchase of coals, food, clothing, and medical necessities for the poor of Beaconsfield; £50 each to the Swansea

Hospital and the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; and there are bequests to his brother, nieces, nephews, lady secretary, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said brother, Francis Wallace, for life, and then for his nieces, the children of his brother Pascoe Dupré Grenfell, and his sister, Katherine Thornton, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1884) of Lady Emily Elizabeth Fitzhardinge Capel, of Westerfield, Suffolk, who died on March 30, was proved at the Ipswich District Registry on Nov. 22 by the Rev. John Longe, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £12,398. The testatrix gives one year's full wages each to her faithful servants Sarah Cattermole and George Akers, if they shall be in her service at the time of her decease; and the residue of her personal estate and all her real estate to her son Sydney Augustus Berkeley Capel.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Anthony John Wright-Biddulph, J.P., D.L., of Burton Park, near Petworth, Sussex, who died on Aug. 12, were proved on Dec. 4 by Mrs. Diana Wright-Biddulph, the widow, Simon Thomas Scrope, and John Percy Gordon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4785.

The will of Surgeon-General John Irvine, M.P., Hon. Physician to the Queen, of 38, Longridge Road, Kensington, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Nov. 22 by Mrs. Elizabeth Talbot Irvine, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4316.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
It is inevitable that all railways should be crowded at this holiday season, but each Christmas the various railway companies offer improved facilities to their passengers. This year the London and North-Western Company announces that the Night Irish Mail will on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 20, 21, 23, leave Euston at 8.40 instead of 8.20; on Tuesday, Dec. 24, a special train will run from Willesden before the 2.45 p.m. train from Euston, for Bletchley, Rugby, and the Trent Valley line, and the Night Irish Mail will not leave till 9.5. The midnight train from Euston will run from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week-days. On Christmas Day a special train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Birmingham, Ireland, Edinburgh, etc., and later in the day the Sunday service will prevail with the addition of many cheap excursions.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway Company announces that return tickets for short distances will be available up to Thursday, and those for longer journeys for eight days or a month, according to distance. Special cheap tickets to and from the south coast watering-places will be issued on Dec. 24 and 25 available for return till Friday, Dec. 27. On Dec. 23 and 24 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge for the Isle of Wight; and on Christmas Eve there will be an extra midnight train for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Portsmouth, etc. On Christmas Day the usual Sunday service will obtain. On Boxing Day there will be day excursions to the seaside and many extra trains between London and the Crystal Palace.

(THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.)

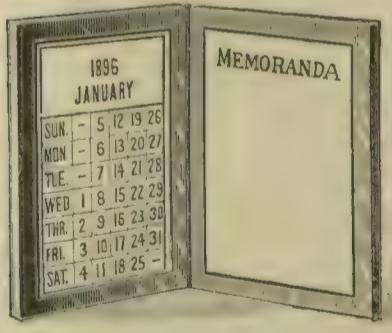
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ONLY
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Show-Rooms

220, REGENT STREET, W.
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir
John Bennett's.)



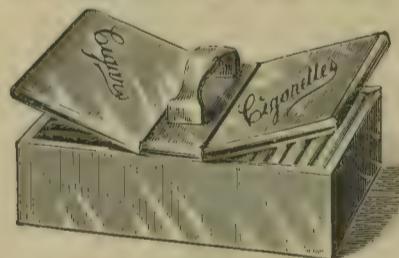
BY
HER MAJESTY'S
SPECIAL WARRANT



Solid Silver Calendar and Memoranda Frame, adaptable for Cabinet Photographs, £4 7s 6d.



Mappin Brothers' Registered Design, Louis XVI. Solid Silver Powder Box. Size 3 1/2 in. x 3 1/2 in. £3 12s. Od.



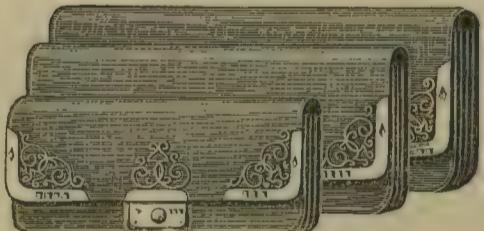
Solid Silver Cigar and Cigarette-Box, lined Cedar-Wood, Enamelled Letters. Size, 8 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. £12 10s.



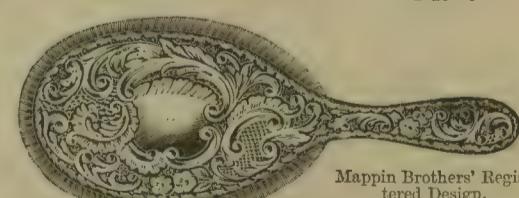
GOODS FORWARDED
TO THE COUNTRY
FOR APPROVAL.

Christmas Presents

SPECIAL LIST OF XMAS NOVELTIES
POST FREE:



Finest Quality Purses, Solid Silver Wire-Mounted Locks and Corners. Polished or Crushed Morocco. Size, 4 1/2 in. ... £1 5 0 ... £1 8 0
" 5 " ... 1 7 6 ... 1 11 6
" 5 1/2 " ... 1 10 0 ... 1 15 0



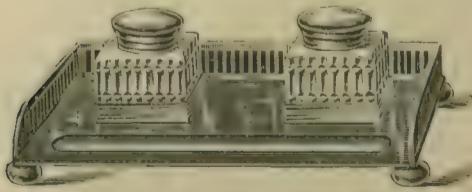
Mappin Brothers' Registered Design, Louis XVI. Solid Silver Hair-Brush. Size 9 1/2 in. x 3 1/2 in. £2 2s. Od. Smaller size, 9 1/2 in. x 2 1/2 in. £1 11s. Od.



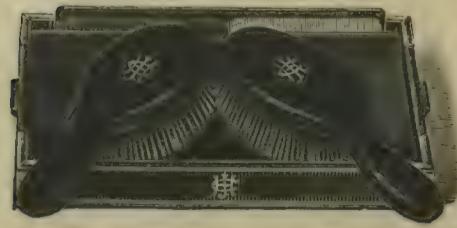
Solid Silver-Mounted Blotting-Book, Hand Pierced and Chased. Red or Green Morocco, £2 10s.



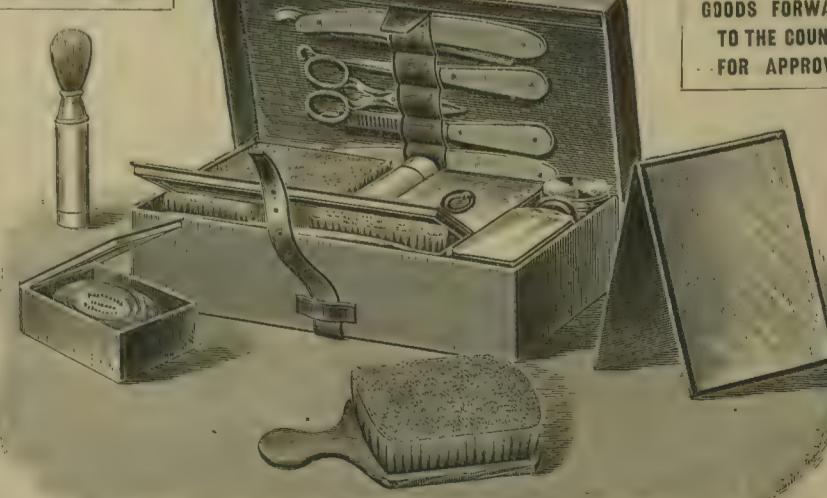
Solid Silver-Mounted Cut Glass Toilet Scent-Bottle, 7s. 6d.



Antique Design Inkstand, 9 x 5 1/2 in. "Queen's" Plate, £2 10s. Solid Silver, £8 8s.



Ebony Brushes, with Monogram, Lady's size, 10s. 6d. each. Gent's .. 14s. Od. ..



Same as above, in Finest Pig-Skin, £2 10s. Same as above, in Finest Crocodile, £3 5s.

66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT JOHN BENNETT'S); 220, REGENT ST., W.; & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

TRUE GREATNESS HAS LITTLE, IF ANYTHING, TO DO WITH RANK OR POWER!

THE BEST OF US IS JUST A SENTRY
AT HIS POST.

'DID GOOD BY STEALTH, AND
BLUSHED TO FIND IT FAME!'

OBERLIN, the French philanthropist, says "Little Folks," was once travelling in the depth of winter among the mountains of Alsace. The cold was intense, the snow lay thickly upon the ground, and, ere the half of his journey was over, he felt himself yielding to fatigue and sleep. He knew if he gave way to sleep he would wake no more; but, in spite of this knowledge, desire for sleep overcame him, and he lost consciousness. When he came to again, a wagoner in blue blouse was standing over him, urging him to take wine and food. By and by his strength revived, he was able to walk to the wagon, and was soon driven to the nearest village. His rescuer refused money, saying it was his duty to assist distress. Oberlin begged to know his name, that he might remember him in his prayers. "I see," replied the wagoner, "you are a preacher. Tell me the name of the GOOD SAMARITAN." "I cannot," answered Oberlin, "for it is not recorded." "Ah, well," said the wagoner, "when you can give me his name, I will then tell you mine." And so he went away.

**THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING
AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.**

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in Life.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMERS.



From Mrs. PHIBBS,
Ardfert Abbey, Ardfert, Ireland,
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I find your "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMER most invaluable. I keep it going night and day. I have been ill for fifteen years, but am now recovering my health by taking a little warm food every hour and a half.

S. E. PHIBBS.
Clarke's Pyramid and Fairy Light Co., Ltd.,
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CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD WARMERS.

BY THEIR CONSTRUCTION—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. All are fitted with

CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and it prevents spilling when poured into a feeding-bottle—so unavoidable with all other Pannikins.

Prices, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, and 6/- each.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS

The Burglar's Horror.

Clarke's "Pyramid" Lights supply a want long felt on sea and land; they warm your food, give pleasant light, and always are at hand.

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c.

To Burn 9 Hours, 8 Lights in Box, 8d. per Box.

To Burn 6 Hours, 12 Lights in Box, 9d. per Box.

N.B.—No Paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture of any of Clarke's Lights.

SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

CLARKE'S "Pyramid" and "Fairy" Light Co., Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W., where all Letters should be addressed.

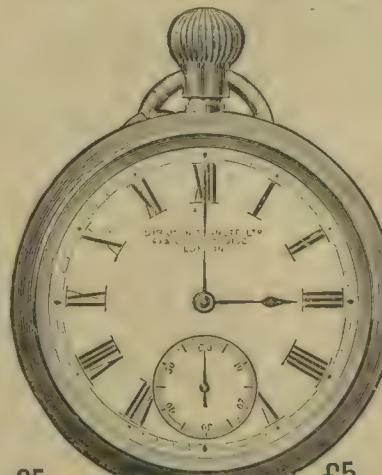


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REPRESENTS THE
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Lower than ever.



£5
THE CHEAPSIDE 2-PLATE
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,
With Chronometer Balance and
Jewelled in thirteen actions, in
strong Silver Case with Crystal
Glass. The cheapest watch ever
produced. Air, damp, and dust
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LADIES' GOLD
KEYLESS WATCHES.

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship. With plain
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18-carat Gold Cases, fully
Jewelled, strong Crystal
Glass, air, damp, and dust
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PRESENTATION WATCHES,
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,
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Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery
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£10
LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS
WATCH,

Perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air,
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Ditto in Silver, 25.

£10
GOLD CHAINS
AT
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£25
A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 2-PLATE
HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately
timed for all climates. Jewelled in 13 actions,
In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly
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SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, F.R.S.

EXCITEMENT, CHANGES OF THE WEATHER,
SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISH COLD WITH HIGH
TEMPERATURE AND QUICK PULSE, USE ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT,' AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED.

WHY should fever, that vile slayer of millions of the human race, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The murderer, as he is called, is quickly made an example of by the law. Fevers are, at most, universally acknowledged to be preventable diseases; how is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the **huge blunder**. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing premature death from disease, read **DUTY**, given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' The information is invaluable. If this invaluable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done when the true cause has become known. The 'FRUIT SALT' (one of Nature's own products) keeps the blood pure, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers and blood poisons, Liver Complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health, it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that, if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, nor a single travelling-trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.

I USED MY 'FRUIT SALT' FREELY in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO, London, S.E.

SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISHNESS.—Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.—Late hours, fagged, unnatural excitement, breathing impure air, too rich food, aleoholic drink, gouty, rheumatic, and other blood poisons, feverish colds, biliousness, sick headache, skin eruptions, pimples on the face, want of appetite, sourness of stomach, &c. Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It is pleasant, cooling, health-giving, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS IN INDIA, EGYPT, AMERICA, AND THE CONTINENT.—"Please send me half-a-dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in India, Egypt, America, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 6, 1878."

THE STOMACH AND LIVER and THEIR TRIALS. "Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been contested, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' to others.

"To Mr. J. C. Eno." "TRUTH.

IF THE GREAT VALUE OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in keeping the Body in Health were universally known, no family would be without it. It is the best Preventive of and Cure for Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of Errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Weary, or Wear Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The general manager of the Alhambra Theatre was the first in the field with the Christmas entertainments, and Mr. Moul's foresight was rewarded with a brilliant audience, who had come to see the latest dancing edition of our old friend "Blue Beard." "Barbo Bleue" has been seen in pantomimes by the score and comic operas by the dozen, and now he has to serve his time in an Alhambra ballet. Signor Coppi has with great cleverness mixed up the dramatic and tragic points of the old legend, and I hope that Mr. Moul will announce some holiday matinées, for the children ought to see and shudder at the scenes in Blue Beard's haunted chamber and the saltatory heads, which are enough to make the flesh creep. But the new version of "Blue Beard" is not the only thing that would interest the young folks home for the holidays. What about the dancing dogs and the lady on the tight-rope with the Japanese umbrella? Talk about gilding gold, painting the lily, and so on, these tasks sink into insignificance when compared with the task of describing an Alhambra ballet. I have done it conscientiously for a longer time than M. Georges Jacobi has sat in his orchestral chair and composed his hundred ballets, but I think my

superlatives have run out and been exhausted when in this year of grace I have to give an idea of the dancing of Signorina Cerri and Miss Florence Levey, of the marvellous dresses that have come from the *atelier* of M. and Madame Alias, or of the wonderful electric-lighted curtain which makes a background for the final display. Conceive, if you can, a curtain of gold and glittering fringe, studded and starred with the brightest of diamonds. This is precisely the effect—gold fringe and diamonds. Electricity is the greatest gift the stage has had for many a year, and I expect we shall see marvellous results from it at the pantomimes, both in London and the provinces, this season. I came across an old playbill the other day, dated about fifty odd years ago, in which the management announced that the obnoxious modern gas would be abolished, and the theatre would be lighted with the best candles that could be obtained. Half a century has passed away, and we have advanced to electricity; and what it will eventually do for the stage who shall say? The Fairy Good Fortune of this year's pantomime is bound to be electricity, for do we not hear of an electric-lighted coach for "Cinderella" at Drury Lane, and of marvellous effects at the Prince's Ball? The keynote was struck when that electric dazzling fringe came down at the Alhambra last Monday. Dear me, what a change it all is! Every Christmas and Easter I was taken to the play as a child, and at the Lyceum we saw "The Island of Jewels," "The King of Peacocks," "King

Charming," and so on, and Madame Vestris sang to us, and Julia St. George danced, and flowers opened, discovering fairies in the hearts of the roses and lilies, and it was thought that Telbin and Beverley combined with the fantastic Planché could never be excelled. But what would Madame Vestris and the archaeological Planché have thought of the electric light? I always think that Sir Henry Irving should have the credit of the new era of stage-lighting, and, strange to say, it was inaugurated on the very Lyceum stage dedicated to the fairy plays of Planché. But I never could see why a bright stage should necessitate a pitch-dark theatre. Half the depression of modern playgoing would be avoided if they would only switch on the light. Most of our theatres when prepared for the reception of guests are not only an "Erebus," but a "Terror" as well!

And then when the new Alhambra ballet was over we were treated to a very charming ceremony. The fact that the famous Alhambra Jacobi had composed one hundred ballets was seized upon by all sorts and conditions of men and women, chairmen, directors, general managers, band, ballet, chorus, everybody. And they testimonialised and feted and flowered Georges Jacobi, and set him up in plate for the rest of his life. Everyone said pretty things, and the popular Alhambra conductor went home a prouder and a richer man.

I have received a very kindly letter from an old colleague now resident in Sydney, Australia, the faithful

Whooping Cough
Instantly Relieved and Quickly Cured
VAPO-CRESOLENE
BY USING
Vapo-Cresolene

CHILDREN, by simply breathing the vapour of Cresolene, obtain in a few seconds extraordinary relief in Whooping Cough, and the disorder is rapidly put an end to, generally in a few days. A perfectly safe remedy, most valuable in Asthma, Catarrh, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, &c.

Vaporiser, with Lamp, and 2-oz. bottle of Cresolene, Complete, 6/- Post Free in the United Kingdom; or can be obtained through any Chemist. The Cresolene can be had separately, in bottles, at 1/1½ and 2/-.

Sole Agents for Europe and the Colonies:
ALLEN & HANBURY'S Ltd., LONDON.



A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food contains, in a soluble and active form, all that is valuable in Malt, whilst all that is irritating and indigestible is rejected. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Malted Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

The British Medical Journal writes:—"The Food may be prepared either for Infants or for Invalids, according to the directions given, and will be found very effective, digestible, nutritious, and palatable, wherever it be tried."

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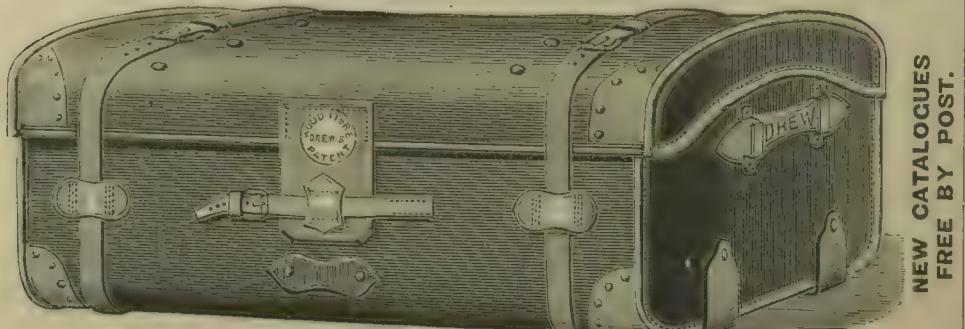
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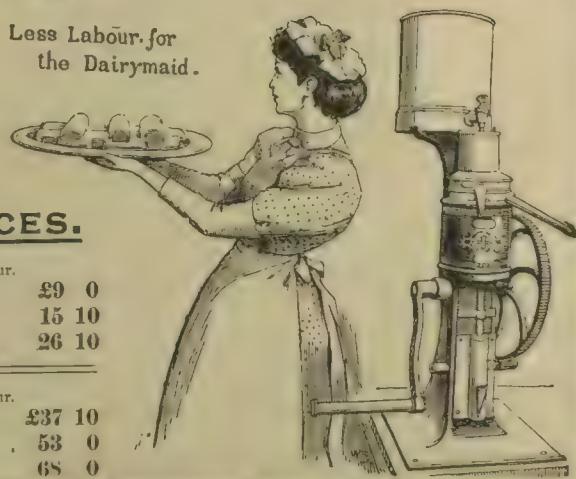
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MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.

and ever industrious John Plummer, to whom I alluded recently in these columns as the deputy editor of the *London Figaro*, founded, edited, and managed by James Mortimer. He reminds me that in addition to the names I mentioned as comprising the first staff were George Manville Fenn, Cuthbert Bede (the author of the immortal "Verdant Green"), Dr. W. C. Bennett and George R. Emerson, under whose loyal editorship I worked for many years on the *Weekly Dispatch*. Good old John Plummer, the friend of the working man, who was once a prominent figure in social politics, adds for my information the following: "Your outspoken criticisms were at times a source of trouble to myself, occasioned by unsolicited interviews with irate professionals thirsting for the gore of the audacious individual who had presumed to question the merit of their performances, and more than once I entertained serious thoughts of having a bull-dog for company." I fear that in this respect times have not changed very much; but there is a rosy as well as a sad side even in the life of a dramatic reviewer. Now, as then, the anonymous letters pour in; now, as then, actor-managers instruct their subordinates to write insolent letters, which they hesitate to pen themselves; now, as then, motive of an unworthy kind is applied to the

exercise of a solemn duty; but kindly letters come also, and earnest thanks for help rendered at an anxious time in an artistic career, and genial messages breathing the true spirit of comradeship from such old friends as John Plummer divided by thousands of miles of sea. At any rate, it is curious that although my old friend of the *Figaro* days deserved a bull-dog to protect him, the owner of "one of the best" of them—need I say George R. Sims, the famous "Dagonet"?—delighted me by telling me that the first "Almaviva" of the *London Figaro* printed his first contribution to the journalism he so adorns. That, at any rate, is something to be proud of, and compensates for the prickly thorns.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier has produced at the Royalty a delightful little comedy by Frankfort Moore, called "Kitty Clive," which brings out the talent, vivacity, and charm of his pretty sister-in-law, Miss Irene Vanbrugh. It is just the play that would suit a clever lady amateur who has some sense of comedy and mock tragedy. There never was such an enterprising couple as Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier. One day they are acting at Brighton, the next at the Crystal Palace, on a third at Portsmouth, and now they are off to Hastings with the "Chili Widow" for a brief working holiday before Christmas.

NEW MUSIC.

Mr. Santley's "Singing-Master," published by Messrs. Chappell and Co. in two parts, offers to the student a series of cleverly graduated and well prepared exercises rather than a treatise upon the art of voice production. This latter feature the eminent baritone glides gracefully over, if, indeed, he does not avoid it altogether. But in compensation he gives the singer some extremely valuable advice as to steering clear of errors and keeping on the right track, while very careful hints are also given concerning the treatment of each group of exercises. By the singer whose voice has been properly placed—whether by nature or by art matters not—"Santley's Singing-Master" will be found an extremely useful aid to further progress.

Some twelve or thirteen songs reach us from the firm of Mathias and Strickland, Limited, the first that meets the eye being one by Charles Gounod. This, entitled "Just as I am," is a sacred song, founded on a prelude in C minor by J. S. Bach, the device here employed being that upon which the well-known "Ave Maria" was constructed; and, with its melancholy plaint, affords a delightful posthumous example of its composer's genius. "For the sweete love's sake" is a refined and altogether

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Special Cheap Tickets will be issued on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 24 and 25, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Friday, Dec. 27, as per Special Bills.

PORPSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS. Dec. 24. The Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge, 5.0 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (First, Second, and Third Class).

On FRIDAY, DEC. 27, SPECIAL TRAINS will leave Newport, 7.33 a.m., Ventnor 7.30 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier, in connection with a Boat at 8.5 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour to join 8.45 a.m. Fast Train to London (First, Second, and Third Class).

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(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, Special Trains will be run from Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from Euston; and from Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

THE NIGHT IRISH MAIL, DUE TO LEAVE EUSTON AT 8.20 P.M., WILL NOT LEAVE UNTIL 9.5 P.M. The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12.0 night Train from London (EUSTON), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday Dec. 25, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as our ordinary week days.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Wigan, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. THE ORDINARY SUNDAY SERVICE OF TRAINS WILL BE IN OPERATION.

ON BANK HOLIDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12 noon and 4.00 p.m. WILL NOT BE RUN. Passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m. London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. train, except those for Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., who must travel by the 3 p.m. train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m. Euston to Croydon will not run. Numerous residential trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Bank Holiday, but the Corridor Dining Car-trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company, London, December 1895.

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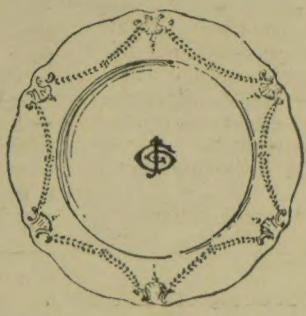
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PALMS and TROPICAL PLANTS DIRECT from BEAULIE

pretty song from the facile pen of Gerard F. Cobb, whose "Father Phil" is another successful effort. The words of both these are by G. Hubi Newcombe. "Speak on, sweet voices," by Teresa del Riego (a name hitherto unknown to us), has evidently been inspired by some popular plantation melody, and in this form may fairly be accepted for what it is worth. Very poetic and graceful is Arthur Somervell's setting of Burns' "O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay." "The birds have told," by Sybil Palliser, shows decided ability for song-writing; it contains not a small amount of musicianly feeling and beauty of idea. A breezy little ditty is "My bonny barque," by Godfrey Marks, who is also responsible for a most effective specimen of a sacred song, entitled "The King of Ages" (words by J. Fred. Swift). "As time glides on," is in Milton Wellings' usual style, and other

songs likely to please are "Little birdie" by J. H. Earnshaw; "Wait till the ship comes home," by Gerald Lane; "The child and the stars," by A. H. Behrend; "The last good-bye," by Geoffrey Bruce; and "The home by the sea," by Michael Watson. The pianoforte music from this firm is excellent, and among the pieces worthy of recommendation may be noted four by Erik Meyer-Helmund entitled "Im Mondschein," "Einsamkeit," "Zwiesgespräch," and "Unter ihrem Fenster," all of which, though not free from difficulty, are charmingly pretty morceaux. Three pieces by Felix Dreyschock—a Gavotte, Capriccietto, and Nocturne—are more suitable for the use of budding juvenile pianists. A sprightly Polka is called "Kathleen," by Cecil Grosvenor, and a dreamy Waltz entitled "Bébé" is by E. St. Quentin.

From C. Jefferys and Son come two exceedingly pretty

pianoforte pieces by Margaret E. Ford, who is herself an admirable executant. "A Spring Song" is perhaps better than "Tarantella," but both are good.

The inexhaustible Tom Smith has produced his customary magazine of crackers, full of mottoes, expressions of the tenderest sentiments, and a great variety of head-gear which may be serenely worn even by the least frivolous. The most notable gift in the Tom Smith collection is a Santa Claus stocking stuffed with everything the heart of a small girl can desire. This has also the advantage to a distracted parent of saving much thought and trouble by packing sweets, skipping-ropes, and various articles of toilet into a small and handy compass. We can prophesy immense popularity for the stocking.

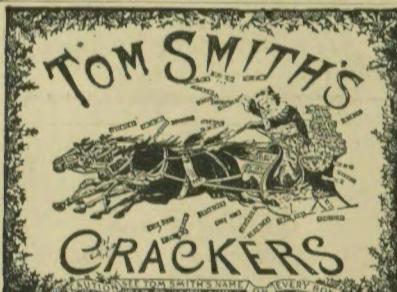
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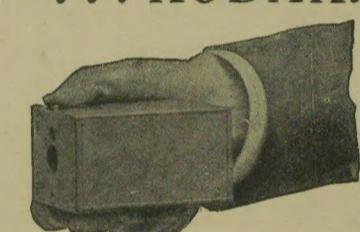
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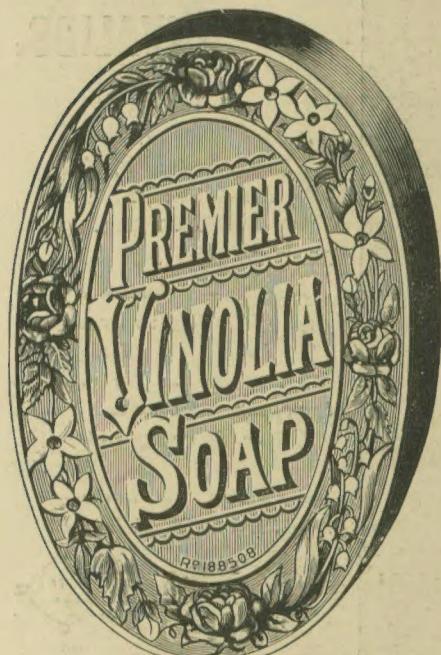
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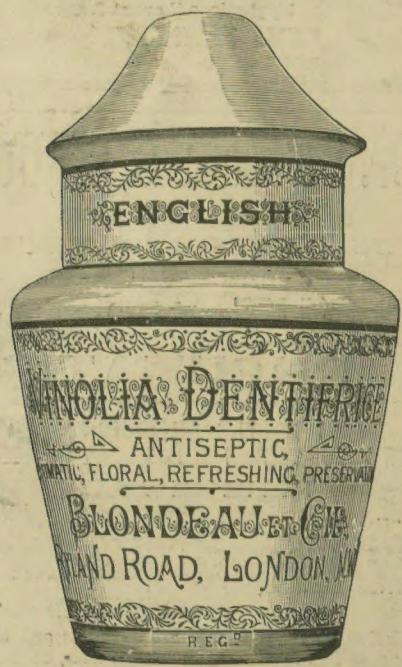
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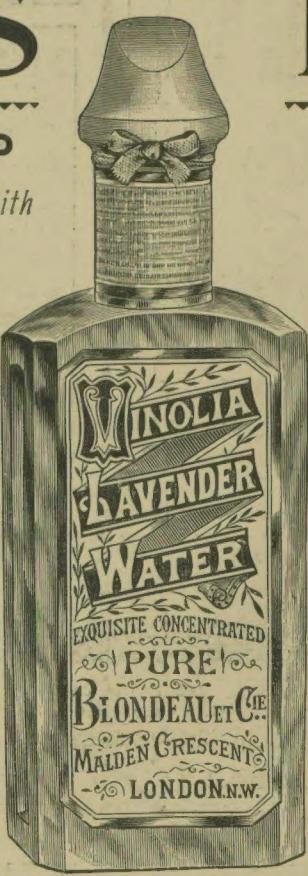
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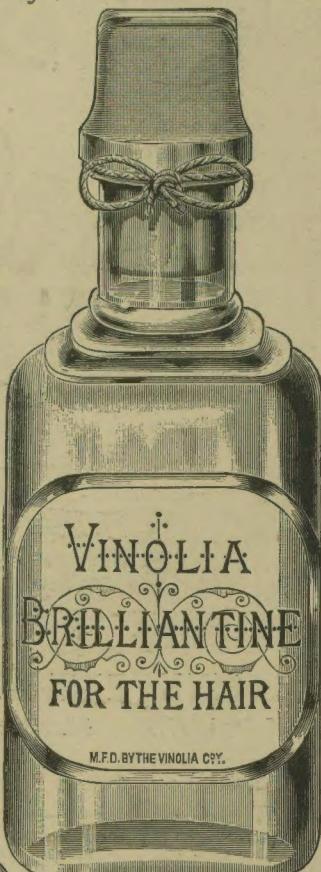
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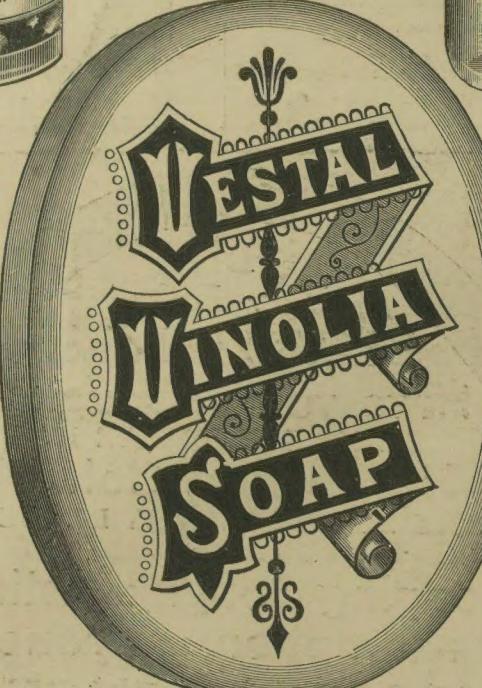
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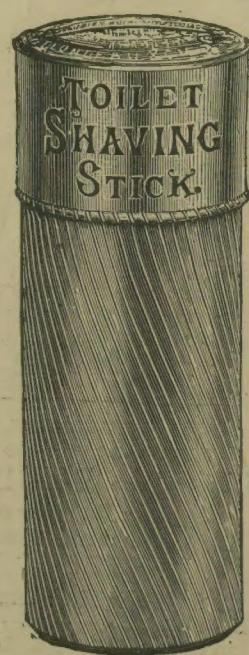
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